October, 1962 TW K

TRUE WEST

AUG 20

The Bandits of Las Cuevas

35¢

Thirty Rangers,
Three Miles Deep in Mexico and Afoot
Stand Off an Army of Cattle Thieves

By Walter Prescott Webb

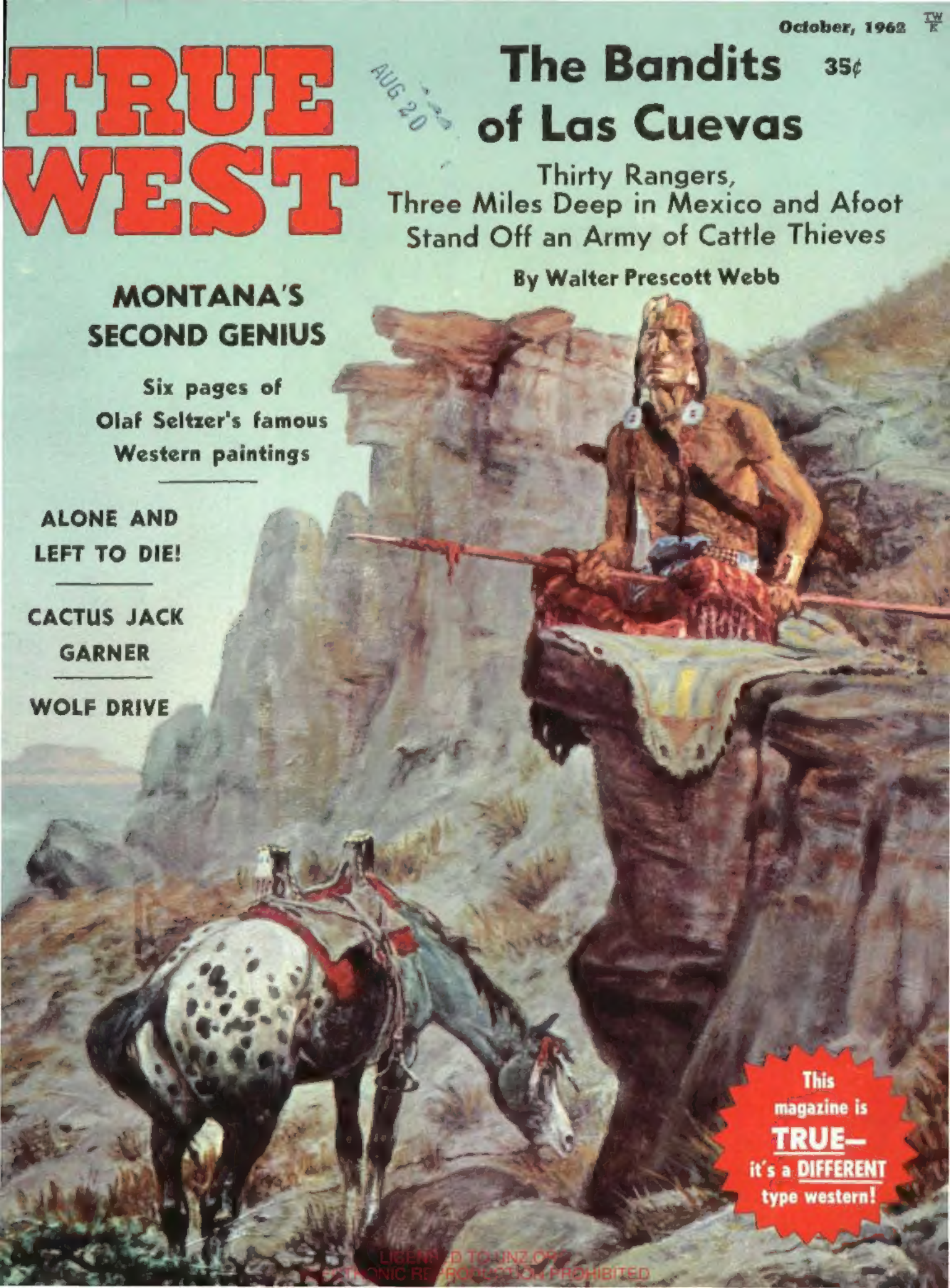
MONTANA'S SECOND GENIUS

Six pages of
Olaf Seltzer's famous
Western paintings

ALONE AND LEFT TO DIE!

CACTUS JACK GARNER

WOLF DRIVE



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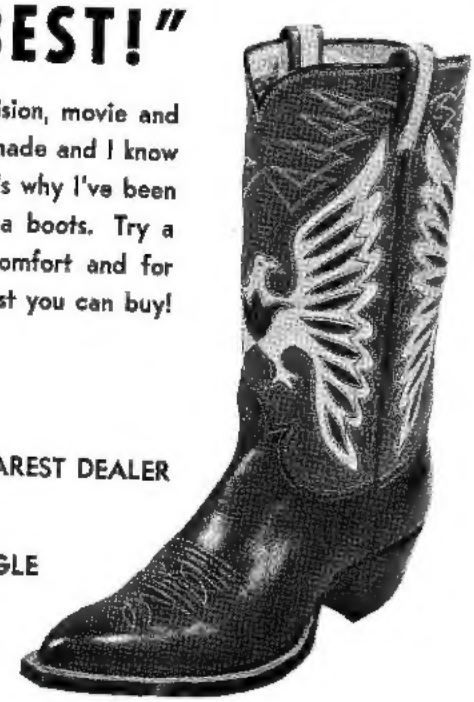

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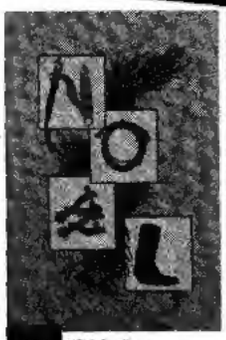

201 **NOEL Greetings**
Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year

202 **Christmas Chores**
A Friendly Greeting at Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year

203 **"Come ye—into a desert place—"**
May every happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the Coming Year

204 **Highballin' the Christmas Mail**
Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year

205 **Thinkin' of you at Christmas**
With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season

206 **"Cowboy's Christmas Prayer"**
Features classic western poem and May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with you

209 **Surprise Package**
Greeting in a clever and appropriate western verse

210 **After the Storm**
Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year

211 **Christmas Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours**
with Best Wishes for the Coming Year

214 **Home for Christmas**
Happy Holidays and Best Wishes for the Coming Year

217 **Cowpokes Coming In**
Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for all the Year

218 **—from the two of us!**
With Friendly Good Wishes for the Coming New Year

220 **Christmas Shoppin'**
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

221 **"—there were shepherds—"**
May the Peace and Joy of Christmas abide with you through all the Coming Year

222 **Christmas Morning**
Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year

223 **Christmas Night**
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

224 **Warmest Greetings**
With Best Wishes for the Season and a Happy New Year

226 **Prairie Post Office**
Hoping you have a Happy Holiday Season and a Prosperous New Year

227 **Candles of the Lord**
May every happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the Coming Year

228 **Silent Night**
May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year

230 **Greetings...**
With Best Wishes for a Prosperous New Year

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September-October, 1962
Volume 10, No. 1
Whole No. 53

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Historical Consultant

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

NOW YOU'RE TALKING! 6
THE BANDITS OF LAS CUEVAS ..... By Walter Prescott Webb 8
A VISIT WITH CACTUS JACK GARNER .... By Maury Maverick, Jr. 15
BATTLE AT COOKE'S CANYON ..... By Douglas D. Martin 16
LAST OF THE FIRE-EATERS ..... By Roger N. Conger 18
MONTANA'S SECOND GENIUS ..... By 'Tana Mac 20
ONE CAME BACK ..... By Julian Dana 26
SHADOWS OF THE BRAVE ..... By Emily H. Lewis 28
WILD OLD DAYS! 30
BLOOD ON THE PONY EXPRESS TRAIL By Raymond W. and Mary Settle 32
WOLF DRIVE ..... By Fay Emory Smith 34
UNCLE SAM SOBERS WHISKEYTOWN By Gene Ellis and Frank Kester 36
WAR IN WICHITA COUNTY ..... By Frank H. Richey 42
TREATY ON THE ROCK ..... By Levi Ankeny 44
ALONE AND LEFT TO DIE! ..... By Gorton Covington 46
DOGS, BEARS AND LIES! .... By Ed Wright as told to Bob Hiltunen 49
WHEN SHE DANCED ..... By W. C. Tuttle 51
DOCK RIDER ..... By Milt Hinkle 53
TRULY WESTERN 60
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 69

Cover: "On the Lookout" by Olaf C. Seltzer

Courtesy of Dick Flood, Trailside Galleries, Idaho Falls, Idaho

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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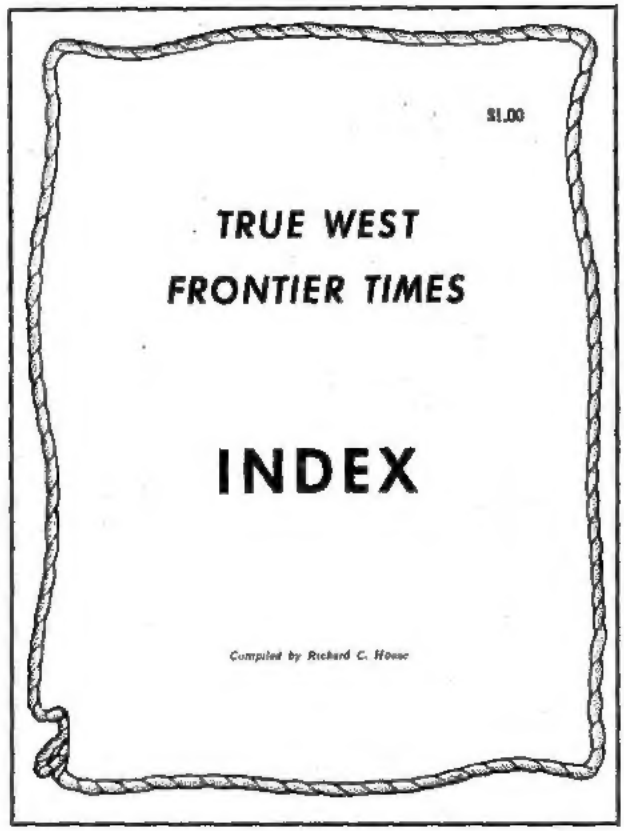
COMPLETE INDEX!

—and when I say complete, I mean COMPLETE! This is a 64-page cross-index to end all cross-indexes! I'll bet old Dick House had to stay under a doctor's care for a full month after he finished this job! Fact of the matter is, it took him two years to do it!

If there was a flea on the tail of a dog and the dog was mentioned in any issue of TRUE WEST from the first word we printed back in 1953—and if that flea had a name —he'll be in this index!

The dad-burned thing is so complete that you go wild trying to find something that is left out—we haven't yet! It takes in every issue of BOTH TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES from the very first issue of both magazines down through and including the last 1960 issues. If you had a letter appear in either magazine during this time, your name will be there. If you mentioned anybody by name in that letter—their name will be there! It is flat impossible to tell you how complete this index is. Every article, everybody mentioned in every article, every place—**everything!**



IMPORTANT!

When you stop to think of the uses of this index, I believe you will realize how important it is to have one. We are not making a crying nickel on this deal—it sells for one measly buck and after you figure what goes into printing, postage, clerical work and to what Dick House well earned, you'll realize that our value comes in actually **hundreds** of hours we'll save in looking up characters, stories, events and the whole show that readers are writing in and asking us about constantly. Even if you have not kept your magazines, this index will show you what has appeared in the past and whether or not you want to purchase certain back issues. Also, a very important thing to hold in mind in connection with this index is that we are going to republish **all** of the back issues of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES (starting from the first issues of both) later on and we are going to do this under another title and in a way that **will not** detract one penny from the extremely valuable issues that you can buy now only as collector's items.

This index is the same size as TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES so that you can put it in the first part of your binder and you'll have everything that ever appeared in both magazines at your fingertips! We'll bring it up to date about every five or six years so that you may keep up-to-date as our hair grows grayer!

We didn't know how many of these to print and since such a very high percentage of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES readers keep their magazines (for the simple reason that the contents never become "dated"), they may go fast—so send in that check or germ-laden dollar bill purty quick while it's on your mind. If you are not satisfied, send it back in ten days (like all the ads say!) and Dick will refund your dad-blamed dollar! Index will be off the press August 20 or shortly thereafter.—*Joe*

DICK HOUSE
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Now You're Talking!

WE ARE GOING BI-MONTHLY ON FRONTIER TIMES!

That means that we are doing something, finally, that you wanted us to do nearly ten years ago! The hold-up was, as I explained about a year ago, because you guys wouldn't accept FRONTIER TIMES as being the same magazine as TRUE WEST—an effort to put out TRUE WEST more often. Fortunately, I stuck my big toe in the water to test the depth before plunging in—that is, we put FRONTIER TIMES out quarterly instead of bi-monthly. If we had flat jumped in the water all the way, we might have ended up as a bunch of drowned rats!

People *are* funny (we only have to look at ourselves in the mirror to prove that!). As I said, our loyal readers just wouldn't accept the fact that FRONTIER TIMES was another TRUE WEST, put out in a differently labeled package for the *very practical* purpose of staying on the newsstands longer and thus effecting more sales. With magazines in trouble all over the country, as of the past several years, it has been increasingly important to milk every drop out of newsstand sales (sometimes the "squeezings" meant the difference!) and the danged fool running a magazine company had to be smart enough, or lucky enough, or stupid enough, or desperate enough to just about make the right decisions on everything and, in my case, my country boy learning sure helped out.

I learned to swim in a stock tank. The hi-falutin' boys call it a "pond." Anyhow, one day I walked into the water before I learned how to swim, stepped off a jump-off and blamed nigh drowned. Even now the big toe on my right foot is oversized by exercising it from that day on. I would carefully test every inch of the water with that big toe before planting my foot firmly down in the sand and, as a result, I didn't get out over my head again until I learned how to swim. That's the way I've had to run this publishing business and even though we haven't crowded LIFE, LOOK and some of the other "slightly bigger" magazines off the stands, we have sort of made a steady upward slant.

Fact of the matter is, I've just got to tell you some good news. You have seen me cry so much in these editorials that any mention of good news will come as a shock, but steel yourselves and let me "brag" just a little bit *one time*. Our national distributor tells us that out of all the magazines in the general men's field, including the "girlie" magazines and everything associated with them (and there are really a ton of them!) that only four of these many titles gained in sales instead of losing during a six-months' period. Two of these could be classed in the "girlie" category and one of them only gained 4/10 of 1% and the other about 3%. The other two gainers—yep, you guessed it! FRONTIER TIMES, for instance, gained *18%*! In short, we have two of the four that gained instead of lost. Some of the big ones lost 15 to 20%.

All of which we owe to you dad-burned guys and gals who subscribe and buy constantly on the newsstands (now you're really talking!), which moves me to take another step forward in increasing the pages and the numbers of FRONTIER TIMES from 4 issues per year to 6 issues per year. There is our dream realized! WE HAVE FINALLY EFFECTED MONTHLY PUBLICATION! When I use the word "effected," I mean to say that TRUE WEST will be out one month, FRONTIER TIMES the next. In short, instead of having TRUE WEST come out every month and be on the newsstands only one month, we can have the *VERY SAME THING* by having TRUE WEST come out the first of one month, stay on the newsstands two months, and have FRONTIER TIMES come out the first of the next month and stay on the newsstands two months. In that manner, we will have, between the two, the same as a monthly magazine—12 issues per year in all—6 of TRUE WEST and 6 of FRONTIER TIMES.

"Don't be foolish, Hiskok. Nobody up here cares if you have been scalped or not!"

Beginning with the next issue, FRONTIER TIMES will be the same size as TRUE WEST (same number of pages) and the material is going to be the very same, just as good and in every way the product will be just flat TRUE WEST under another title! You will note that on the contents page we double-date each issue so there can be no misunderstanding. For instance, the next issue of TRUE WEST will be November-December. The next issue of FRONTIER TIMES will be December-January—but on the covers we shall use one month only so that TRUE WEST will be December, FRONTIER TIMES January, following issue of TRUE WEST will be February, FRONTIER TIMES March, etc.

A number of readers have written in wanting to know what the "new series" means and some of our new readers want to know a foolproof method of knowing exactly what they have and what they do not have. They get mixed up on the double-dating months and that sort of thing. The easy way to do this is go by the "whole number." In short, we have published 53 issues of TRUE WEST, with the one you are now reading. By golly, no wonder I am feeling so old these days! Time just flat flies by. When you think that every issue, at first, meant three months and, since the first four issues, has meant two months, you'll see that we have batted our heads against that old brick wall for a mighty long time! So the simplest method is to go by the whole number and you can't go wrong.

In the case of FRONTIER TIMES, it was published by Marvin Hunter beginning in 1923. That's what that Volume 36, No. 4 means on page 2 in the upper right hand corner. Old "Hosstail" and staff took over in 1957 and took a pretty big step in increasing the circulation by 100,000 on the first issue (that time I didn't "toe" the bank bottom as carefully as I should!) and from that first issue put out by us we called it "New Series" so that you will note New Series No. 20 on the current issue. That means that we have published 20 issues of FRONTIER TIMES since we took over the ownership and we did it that way so you would know how many back issues we have available, etc. The old issues of FRONTIER TIMES are very scarce and a complete volume dating back to 1923 sells for from $300.00 to $500.00.

One last (coupla thousand!) word, and it is very important. If you folks keep on buying FRONTIER TIMES on the newsstands, talking it up to your friends and subscribing to it like you do TRUE WEST, in no time at all it will have the *exact* circulation of TRUE WEST—it is knocking on the heels of TRUE WEST right now and that is just the way we want it!

Thanks for pulling 'em out! You folks who find either or both magazines "buried" under others on the newsstands are doing a more valuable service than you realize by pulling them out to where they show again—you can't sell a magazine that's hidden! The big companies have "field men" to see that their titles show—we have *you*—and you're doing a blamed good job!

HELP! FIRE! POLICE! SKUNK! WHOPPERRATUS! Do I have your attention, please? The important thing right now, as my watery old eyes see it—something important to both of us—is that you look on page 71 and save yourself a dollar by subscribing to FRONTIER TIMES at the old rate of $3.00 for 12 issues instead of the new rate of $4.00 for 12 issues. We are going to add enough pages to the next issues to make it worth $4.00 but there is no use of your flat throwing away a dollar that you could use to buy a rancid slab of bacon or something if you want to renew, extend, or subscribe now to FRONTIER TIMES at $3.00 instead of $4.00. Beginning with the next issue, with extra pages, extra features, sound of trumpets, blare, blast, etc.—the price goes up to 35c per copy, $4.00 per year.

Did you know when we did that to TRUE WEST over a year ago, we shook in our pants like we had buck fever? What happened? With the first issue of the "Bigger And Better TRUE WEST" we made a bigger sale than we had in two years and have continued to advance since. Seriously, we are trying to improve with every single issue and our readers have written in saying they don't

(Continued on page 85)

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THIS IS TRUE WEST!

DON'T MISS THIS ISSUE!

You should find your copy of the Fall issue of FRONTIER TIMES right there on your newsstand shelf next to TRUE WEST come September 7. (If you can't find either magazine at your favorite newsstand, let us know and we'll give our distributor a prod.) The Fall FRONTIER TIMES is cram-jammed—twenty-one distinct features, plus a spectacular collection of Old West photos—all for only 25c! Look at this partial list of contents:

TWO UGLY MEN—The white scalp hunter and the scarred Yuma warrior met in seething fury at the crossing of the Colorado. Two giants representing two cultures, they wrestled first for control of a lucrative profession, then for their lives!

UTAH'S GREATEST MANHUNT—An immigrant miner hid his desire for revenge until he had traced the whereabouts of the man he suspected of killing his brother. His vendetta accomplished, he fled into the miles of mine tunnels underlying Bingham, Utah, there to hold off the posse that pursued him.

LLANO ESTACADO—The Causey brothers, buffalo-hunters, lived south of the Canadian River in the spectacular and forbidding area known as "The Staked Plains." They were always glad to have a visitor, regardless of what kind of man he was or whose horse he was riding!

THE MARSHAL WHO WOULDN'T KILL—Bear River Tom Smith, the marshal of Abilene, was one of the bravest and most respected ever to hold the office. Hell-raisers weren't afraid of losing their lives (Tom didn't like guns)—they were afraid of losing their teeth!

MURDER IN MANZANO—"Two rifle bullets fired in rapid succession slammed through the window and Charles Kusz, editor of the GRINGO AND GREASER, slumped to the floor." The strange murder was never solved.

SHORT CUT TO OGALLALA—The adventurous story of a cattle drive across the Plains. You'll enjoy the authentic rawhide ring of this firsthand account, the "way it really was!"

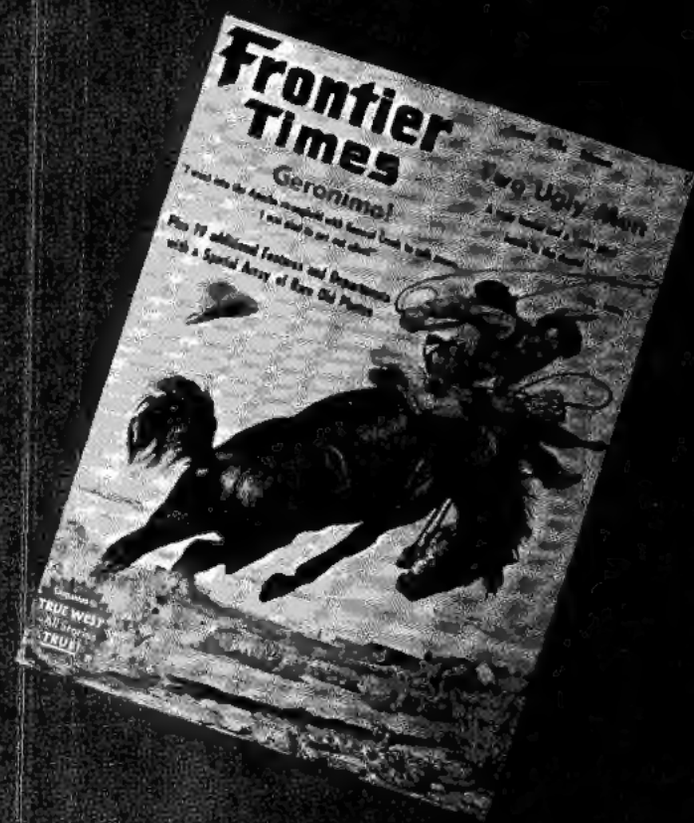
GENTLE JIM CUMMINGS—A native of Barry County, Missouri, throws a new light on this member of the James gang after he had escaped to an isolated part of the Ozarks and become a friend and benefactor of the citizenry there.

MIGRANT IN A STRANGE LAND—The story of homesteading in the lush Indian Territory grassland—the opportunities taken, the opportunities missed, and a stage robber or two thrown in!

INDIAN BOW AND ARROW MAKING—Information no fan of Indian life and lore will want to miss. Accompanied by photos of bows and arrows used by various tribes.

EAGLE MILLS—One day the boys decided to pepper the blacksmith's chickens, using wheat instead of buckshot in their shotgun shells. Guess what happened when somebody slipped a real loaded shell into young Willie Nollkamper's weapon and watched him level it on the barnyard rooster!

ALSO, Fred Gipson's WEE WILLY AND THE GOOSEY DUN, POMPEY'S PILLAR ROCK, I MET GERONIMO!, NUGGETS (including ROCK SLIDE! and "HEAP DAMN FOOL!"), LOST CRYSTAL CAVE, SNOWSHOE!, BALLADS OF THE OLD WEST and KING OF THE GREAT BEARS, not to mention all our regular departments and the special-fine old West photos, cartoons and illustrations!



AT LAST WE'VE MADE IT!

For years now we've been trying to convince you that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are peas in a pod, published from the same files, each containing new and original material but both established on exactly the same format and edited by exactly the same people. We told you our aim was to publish FRONTIER TIMES bi-monthly, just like we do TRUE WEST, and thus effect "monthly" publication—one month TRUE WEST, the next month, FRONTIER TIMES.

Now we're finally going to be able to do it. The magazine you see pictured above—the Fall 1962 FRONTIER TIMES—will be the last published on a quarterly basis. The issue following will be the January 1963 FRONTIER TIMES! Then TRUE WEST will come out in February, FRONTIER TIMES in March, and so forth, on a regular monthly basis. You won't want to miss a single issue.

Remember FRONTIER TIMES No. 1, which came out way back in Winter of 1957? Since it was the first of a new thing, we packed it with better-than-ever stories and pictures. FRONTIER TIMES No. 20 contains the same fine tradition: high quality stories and a profusion of interesting photographs. Look for the cover above on your newsstand—it'll be there soon!

Look on page 71 and save!

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THE BANDITS of Las CUEVAS

By WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

"Kill all you see
except old men, women and children.
These are my orders
and I want them obeyed!"
The raid by McNelly's Rangers
was ready to begin!

Editor's Note: The article "McNelly's Rangers" by Dr. Webb, which appeared in the February issue of TRUE WEST, received such an enthusiastic response, we felt you readers would like to ride with the Rangers again on one of the Captain's most daring and dangerous assignments. This adventure occurred after the McNelly campaign against border bandits as reported in the February article.

IN 1874 the Texas Legislature created two distinct military forces for the protection of the frontier and the suppression of lawlessness. The Frontier Battalion, commanded by Major John B. Jones, was designed to control the Indian front on the west. What was known as the Special Force of Rangers was sent to southwest Texas with the primary purpose of suppressing the bandit troubles on the Mexican border. The commander of this force was Captain L. H. McNelly, a veteran of the Civil War and an officer in the Davis State Police.

Captain McNelly spent the time from June to October without a major encounter with the cattle thieves. During this period he instituted an effective spy system, and on many occasions learned of the plans of the thieves in time to break them up. The killing of the bandits on Palo Alto Prairie had made the Mexicans chary and they no longer hesitated to abandon their booty to escape him. His method of operation he told in a report of his efforts to intercept a party of raiders in the vicinity of Loma Blanca, eighty or ninety miles from Brownsville.

He started the night he heard of them, rode forty miles, secreted his company, and sent scouts east and west. "On the evening of the third day we found the herd. The Mexicans had heard of us and turned the cattle loose two days before we found them." Seventeen thieves, led by Alfonso Cono and Rafael Riojas from the Bolsa, abandoned the cattle, scattered, and crossed the river in twos and threes. McNelly said that he had spies with the thieves and kept posted on all their movements. He reported that they were disgusted with the country and were moving up the river.

As the thieves moved up the river, Captain McNelly did also. On August 4 he received a telegram that a band was expected to cross at Las Cuevas on the sixth. He knew the point of meeting, the Magotee of Don Juan, and the time they were expected to arrive. "I left camp after dark and traveled by trails all night the fourth and fifth laying in the brush during the days; reached a point of timber on the morning of the sixth and remained there until the night of the eleventh (or seventh) when I learned from one of the spies that they (the thieves) had not come over." News kept coming of a big raid, but the Rangers were doubtful. McNelly concluded by saying that if the party that had been making so much preparation to cross failed or backed out, "there will be no further use for my company down here."

Early in October, Captain McNelly went to his home in Washington County with chills and fever, and when he returned later in the month he learned that 200 head of cattle had been stolen from Cameron County and sent to Monterrey. "I am in communication with my spies on the other side," he wrote, "and I feel satisfied that within a short time will be able to send you a good report. I have met Commander Kells of the U. S. A. Boat, *Rio Bravo*, and if he does as much as he says he will, you may expect some stirring news soon."

McNelly asked for permission to act with the United States forces when called upon to do so. Four days later he wrote that Attorney General George Clark had told him to go ahead and act with the United States forces, and he added, characteristically, "Unless I get some instructions to the contrary you may confidently rely on hearing some stirring news before the twentieth of this month." The officials in Mexico were alarmed and were saying that they intended to stop the raiding, but McNelly thought they could not do it with cattle bringing $18.00 a head. The moon would be bright from the tenth to the twenty-fifth, and work plentiful.

THERE CAN be little doubt that McNelly had some deep scheme in mind, and it seems that his purpose was to bring on a war with Mexico. There is some evidence that Captain Kells was in the conspiracy and that McNelly was making every effort to bring the army

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officers into it also. On November 12, McNelly wrote that he had seen the senior cavalry officer, Major A. J. Alexander, and had secured from him a promise "to instruct his men to follow raiders anywhere I will go."

He had just learned that the purchasers of stolen cattle had contracted to deliver 18,000 head in Monterrey within ninety days, and he hoped to be able to put Alexander to the test. "I should think myself in bad luck if I don't find some of their party (thieves) on this or the *other side* of the river."

The next news from McNelly was a telegram:

A PARTY OF RAIDERS HAVE CROSSED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY CATTLE AT LAS CUEVAS. THEY HAVE BEEN FIRING ON MAJOR CLENDENIN'S MEN. HE REFUSES TO CROSS WITHOUT FURTHER ORDERS. I SHALL CROSS TONIGHT IF I CAN GET ANY SUPPORT.

This was followed by a second telegram that night.

I COMMENCED CROSSING AT ONE O'CLOCK TONIGHT—HAVE THIRTY MEN. WILL TRY AND RECOVER OUR CATTLE. THE U. S. TROOPS PROMISE TO COVER MY RETURN. LIEUTENANT ROBINSON HAS JUST ARRIVED MAKING A MARCH OF FIFTY-FIVE MILES IN FIVE HOURS.

L. H. McNELLY
CAPT. RANGERS.

While Captain McNelly is getting his men across the Rio Grande, we may examine the country around Las Cuevas, and sketch the events of the few hours previous to the sending of the telegrams.

Las Cuevas Crossing of the Rio Grande lies some ten miles down the river from Rio Grande City, and the army post of Ringgold Barracks. Las Cuevas Ranch is situated three miles from the river in a sandy and brush-covered country. Between the village and the river there was, in 1875, another ranch known as Las Curchas or Cachattus. Both ranches were surrounded by corrals for cattle, and Las Cuevas was guarded by a palisade. The approach from the river led through the thick brush which extended from the sand of the riverbank to the

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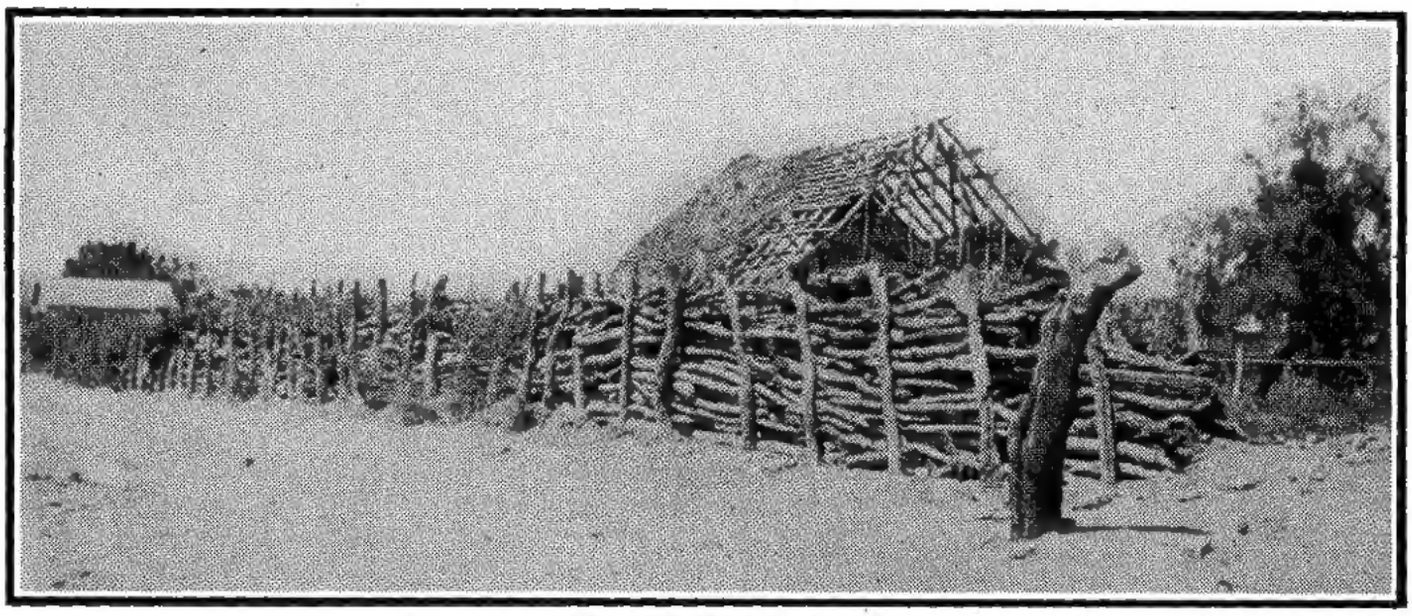


The corrals of Las Cuevas

very corrals and palisade.

Along this trail hundreds of Texas cattle had been driven dripping wet from the Texas side, for Las Cuevas was headquarters of Juan Flores, chieftain of the cow thieves of the border. Of all the cattle that had gone up that trail, none had ever come back. For Texas cattle it was a one-way road.

In order to understand the situation in Texas, it is necessary to resort to the triangle. The base of the triangle follows the river from Rio Grande City to Brownsville, a distance of about 100 miles. The other two sides are made by drawing lines from Edinburg to Brownsville and to Rio Grande City respectively.

At the time of the Las Cuevas affair, United States forces were at each of these three points. General Potter was at Brownsville in command of the Valley; Major A. J. Alexander had a force at Ringgold Barracks; Major Clendenin and Captain Randlett were at Edinburg with a detachment of cavalry. Captain McNelly's Rangers were "somewhere in the brush" near Edinburg, and about fifty-five miles from Las Cuevas Crossing. They were resting, washing their clothes, grazing their horses, and tightening up the wrinkles in their stomachs on good King Ranch beef. In the absence of Captain McNelly, they were under command of Lieutenant George Robinson.

This was the situation on November 16, when sixteen or seventeen Mexicans pushed a stolen herd of seventy-five head of cattle into the triangle thus described and drove them hard for Las Cuevas Crossing.

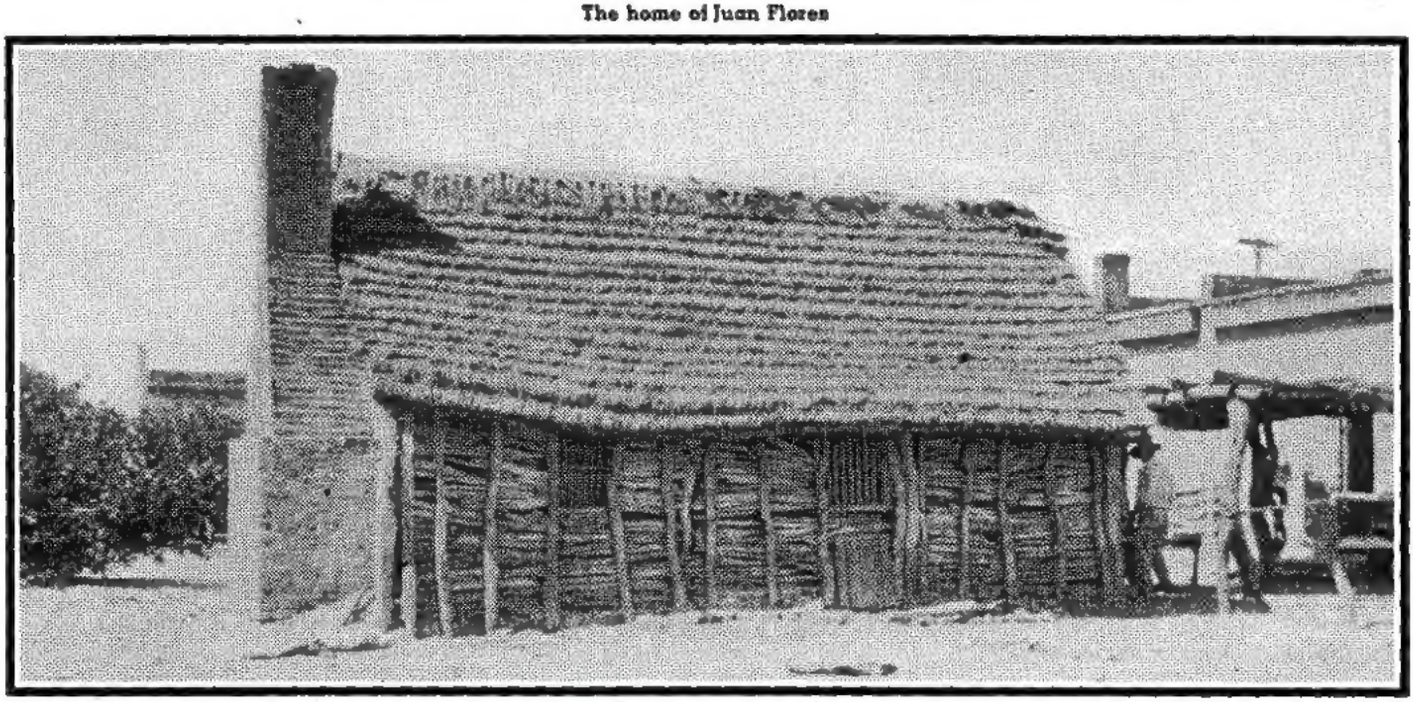
ABOUT DARK on the night of November 16, a Mexican ranchman rode into Captain Randlett's camp, Company D, Eighth Cavalry, and informed him that the cattle were headed for Las Cuevas and would probably cross the river on the next day. Randlett wired General Potter at Brownsville that he would start at 9:00 to intercept the bandits, and asked that soldiers from Ringgold be sent to cooperate with him. Potter ordered the scout from Ringgold and wired Randlett:

IF YOU CATCH THE THIEVES, HIT THEM HARD. IF YOU COME UP WITH THEM WHILE THEY CROSS THE RIVER, FOLLOW THEM INTO MEXICO. McNELLY IN COMMAND OF STATE TROOPS IS NEAR EDINBURG. TRY TO CONNECT WITH HIM AND TAKE A SHERIFF OR DEPUTY WITH YOU.

Instead of marching straight to the river, Randlett stopped to gather a contingent of Texans and Mexicans, and waited until a courier could communicate with the party that had been sent out from Ringgold. At noon the following day Captain Randlett was told by a customs inspector that the Mexicans were making for the river and would probably cross that night.

"We immediately mounted and started in pursuit. I then declared my object to Thompson to be to *get in the rear* of the thieves and catch them at the river."

The home of Juan Flores



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He sent another courier to inform O'Connor of his bold design, directing him to "hit them without mercy on their right flank when they reached the river."

The trooper struck the bandit trail at 2:30 and reached the river at 4:15. He had executed his second purpose—he was in the *rear* of the thieves, had caught them at the river, after they were across. Fifty head of cattle were bogged and were being dragged ashore by ropes when the United States soldiers rode up on the Texas bank.

The soldiers killed two Mexicans, wounded a third, and ran the others into the brush. Instead of crossing at once, Randlett frittered the evening away. O'Connor arrived with thirty men. Night fell, dark and cloudy. Said Randlett, "I was compelled to suspend crossing until the next morning."

During the night General Potter ordered more troops out from Ringgold under Alexander, and Clendenin arrived half-an-hour before day as Captain Randlett was sitting down to breakfast. Clendenin approved everything that Randlett had done, but would not permit him to cross the river. That would be "a warlike invasion of a country with which our country was at peace."

Besides this, Major Clendenin had written a note to the Alcalde of Las Cuevas, and he thought it would show "bad faith to cross the river after opening communications with the Alcalde." Thus he let *his* opportunity go.

Colonel Potter wired him to do nothing until Major A. J. Alexander arrived to take supreme command. "General is afraid you have not men enough," read the Potter telegram. Clendenin, having brought about a complete paralysis of the United States forces on the Las Cuevas front, was superseded. While he was making preparations to return to Ringgold, affairs took a sudden turn.

About noon a tallish thin man of quiet manner, and with the soft voice of a timid Methodist preacher, rode out of the brush and into the camp of the United States troops, which now numbered at least 100 men. McNelly came alone; his thirty Rangers were washing their clothes, resting, grazing their horses fifty-five miles away. McNelly quietly announced that as soon as his men arrived he would go into Mexico after the cattle and bring them back if possible.

THE STORY of the coming of his men is told best by one of them, William Callicott.

"The messenger from Captain McNelly reached our camp about 2:30 in the afternoon. Lieutenant Robinson called Old Casuse, our Mexican Ranger, and Tom Sullivan, our interpreter, and found out all about it. The Mexican said the bandits had a big herd of cattle, seventy-five or one hundred, and he thought they intended crossing near Las Cuevas. Casuse said Las Cuevas was sixty miles or more by the nearest way. We got ready as quickly as we could, taking forty rounds of pistol cartridges and forty rounds of gun cartridges, and nothing more.

"As we fell into ranks, Lieutenant Robinson said, 'Boys, this ride will have to be made in five hours or less. I want to beat them to the river if I can.' He left guards with the wagons and ordered us to follow Casuse, who knew the way and took all the near cuts. We went at a fast gallop and a lope, making the sixty miles in a little less than five hours, but we got there too late—the Mexicans had crossed the cattle to Las Cuevas, headquarters for all cow bandits.

"A U. S. captain from some fort had followed them to the river and camped on this side. He had two Gatling guns planted. Captain McNelly was also there. He came to me and said, 'Bill, you go to that near ranch and get two or three muttons and dress them for supper and I will step up and see the U. S. captain again about getting 100 of his men. You boys cook and eat all the mutton you want, and broil a chunk for dinner tomorrow; you won't need any breakfast—it will make us too late getting over. Have everything ready by 12:00 tonight; we will start crossing by 1:00.

"'I have made arrangements with a Mexican to cross us in a dugout of a canoe that will hold four men. It has a leak in it but one of you can keep the water dipped out so it won't sink. We will swim our horses one at a time. Loosen your flank girths, as a horse can't swim well with the flank girth tight, and take your guns in your hands so that if the horse drowns, you won't lose your guns.

"'Take your morral with your cartridges in it and your dinner. Do as I tell you and be ready to start by 12:00. I will soon let you know what I can do with the U. S. captain, and if I can get 100 of his men we are all O.K.'

"When the Captain came back about 12:00 he said the U. S. captain couldn't let us have any men. He told us to get ready, that we were going over if we never come back. When we were in ranks, the Captain stepped out in front of us and said, 'Boys, you have followed me as far as I can ask you to unless you are willing to go farther. Some of us may get back, or maybe all of us will get back, but if any of you do not want to go over with me, step aside. I don't want you to go unless you are willing to volunteer. You understand there is to be no surrender—we ask no quarter nor give any. If you don't want to go, step aside.'

"We all said, 'Captain, we will go.'

"'All right,' he said, 'that's the way to talk. We will learn them a lesson that they have forgotten since the Mexican War. Get ready. I will take Casuse, Tom Sullivan and myself first. We will take Casuse's horse. Then I want Lieutenant Robinson, John Armstrong, Sergeant George Hall and Sergeant George Orell to bring their horses, and the rest of you come as fast as you can.'

"When these five horses were over, Captain came back and said not to take any more horses because they bogged down and had to be pulled out with ropes. He told us to bring nothing but our guns, pistols, and the morral with our cartridges and grub. The Captain said he wanted us all over by 3:30, that it was two or three miles to the ranch and it would take hard walking to make it on time.

"So we went three at a time in the leaky Mexican boat, and it took one man to dip out the water to keep it from sinking. At last we got over and found ourselves all together again in Mexico. It was the 19th of November, 1875, and 4 A.M.

"The Captain said, 'Boys, the pilot tells me that Las Cuevas Ranch is picketed with high posts set in the ground with bars for a gate. We will march single file as the cow trail is not wide enough for you to go in twos. The mounted men will go first, and when we get to the ranch the bars will be let down and I want the five men on horses to dash through the ranch yelling and shooting to attract attention and the rest of us will close in behind and do the best we can. Kill all you see except old men, women, and children. These are my orders and I want them obeyed to the letter.'

"Captain always planned his battles before he went in and he expected everybody to do as he said. Then the Captain and the guide led the way up the cow trail through underbrush and trees so thick that you could not see a rabbit ten feet away."

AT THIS point we may stop to inquire how Captain McNelly justified his apparently foolhardy action. He was un-

The road to Las Cuevas

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Monument to General Juan Flores.

der no misapprehension as to what he was going into. Though he was not the sort of a man who would take his own men to a slaughter, yet he was leading thirty Texas Rangers against ten times their number, against a foe that in the past had given small quarter to Texans. Captain McNelly expected, in case he took Las Cuevas, to be surrounded there and cut off from return to his own country.

The last statement needs support. In order to understand it, we must review the relations of McNelly to the federal troops on the border. We know that McNelly had Colonel Potter's assurance long before the fight started that the United States forces would go with him into Mexico after thieves. We know that Potter ordered Randlett to hit the thieves hard, but that later the red tape of the army rendered the United States forces all but impotent. McNelly wanted the help of the federal troops, and he set about to create a situation which would compel the army officers to cut through the red tape and come to him in Mexico. To execute his plan he was willing to lead his men up a cow trail to Las Cuevas, storm it at daylight when the Mexican eyes were heavy with sleep, take a house, barricade himself, and fight off his besiegers until the United States forces came to his rescue.

He told Clendenin exactly what he proposed to do and secured Clendenin's promise to come to him. Proof of this is found in the words of both the army officer and the Ranger captain. Clendenin wrote:

"During the day, Captain McNelly, a Texas Ranger, came to the camp from Edinburg and informed us that his company of Rangers would arrive that evening and that he would cross to the Mexican side. . . . After receiving the dispatches . . . I went to McNelly and urged him to await the arrival of Major Alexander. He (McNelly) said he had received information that the cattle were in a corral on the other side and that he could recover them. I replied, 'If you are determined to cross, we will cover your return . . . cannot cross at present to help you.'"

On the same subject McNelly wrote:

"He (Clendenin) promised me that in case I was cut off in my attack on the Cuevas, he would come to my assistance. . . . I learned from my spies . . . that the Cuevians had about 250 or 300 men at the ranch, and was satisfied that the best I could do would be to surprise them—dash into the ranch and take possession of the first house and hold it until the U. S. troops could come to my assistance—*and so told the officers before crossing.* I also told them not one of us could get back alive without the aid of their troops."

Let us return to the thirty men who had threaded the brushy trail and stood at the gates of what they supposed to be Las Cuevas. Ranger Bill Callicott continues the narrative.

"We reached the ranch just at daylight. Just before we got to the bars, Captain waited for us, and as we came up he said, 'Halt.' We all stopped. He walked up and down the line of only thirty of us three miles in Mexico afoot and looked each man in the face. 'Boys, I like your looks all right—you are the palest set of men I ever looked at. That is a sign that you are going to do good fighting. In the Confederate Army I noticed that just before battle all men get pale.'

"Then the Captain had the pilot let down the bars, and when we got there, he said, 'Stand to one side, boys. Casuse has not had a chance to breathe Mexican air or give a yell in Mexico for over twenty years. We'll let Casuse wake them up.' It was then between daylight and sunup. 'Go through,' said the Captain.

"Old Casuse pushed his hat to the back of his head, drew his pistol, rammed both spurs to his old paint horse, gave a Comanche yell, and away the five went shooting and yelling. The rest of us closed in behind them, and if the angels of heaven had come down on that ranch the Mexicans would not have been more surprised. We were the first Rangers they had seen since the Mexican War.

"The Captain had said kill all but old men, women, and children. Many of the men were on their woodpiles cutting wood while their wives were cooking breakfast on little fires out-of-doors. We shot the men down on the woodpiles until we killed all we saw at the ranch.

"Then the pilot told the Captain that he had made a mistake in the ranch. This was the Cachattus (or Las Curchas) —the Cuevas Ranch was a half-mile up the trail.

"'Well,' said the Captain, 'you have given my surprise away. Take me to Las Cuevas as fast as you can.' We hurried on to Las Cuevas and just as we got in sight we saw 250 Mexican soldiers dash into the ranch on horseback. We formed a line and opened fire at 150 yards. Between us and the Mexicans was open ground with a tree here and there. The Mexicans were shooting at us from behind houses, but their bullets went wild.

"When the Captain had taken in the situation, he said: 'Well, boys, our surprise is gone. The Mexicans have all the advantage as to number and houses to protect themselves in. There are 250 of them, not countng the bandits, and they

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Manuel Flores, son of Juan Flores.

may have artillery. It would be suicide to charge them with only thirty men—it would spell death to all of us and do no good. So we will go back to the river.'

"We hit the trail the way we came. As we passed Cachattus Ranch there was nothing except the dead and they lay where they fell, on the woodpiles and in the streets or roads. The women and children and old men were all gone. We went back to the river and put out pickets to await the coming of the Mexicans."

The following is from Captain McNelly's official report:

"Before daylight on the nineteenth I started for the ranch, found what I supposed was the Cuevas, charged it, found five or six men there, and they seemed to be on picket. We killed four of them and then proceeded on my way to Cuevas (a half-mile distant) and about three miles from the river; on getting within 100 yards of the first house in the ranch, I found about 250 or 300 men drawn up in line. About 100 mounted, the rest on foot, they occupied the ground and the corrals between me and the first house of the ranch.

"I at once saw the utter impossibility of taking a house by assault, as the firing at the other ranch had given them notice of our approach. After exchanging shots for about ten minutes, I fell back taking advantage of a few bushes on the side of the road to conceal my movements from the enemy. I left Sergeant Hall with four mounted men to hold them in check as long as possible. They made no attempt to follow us and we reached the river all right."

THUS FAR McNelly had failed. He had not captured a house or recovered the cattle, and he had not induced the United States soldiers to come to him on Mexican soil. A less determined man would have hastened to recross the river and seek protection in the camp of the United States soldiers, but McNelly never did that which the enemy expected. In this case he retreated to the river, concealed his men and awaited developments. Let Ranger Callicott continue the story.

"We went back to the river and put out pickets. They were stationed in the brush and between them and us was an old field about 150 yards across. Captain McNelly told Lieutenant Robinson and John Armstrong to keep a sharp lookout. The Mexicans would think we had taken a scare, stampeded, and were swimming the river back to Texas and that they could kill us while we were swimming.

"Suddenly we heard yelling and shooting toward the pickets, and pretty soon Lieutenant Robinson jumped his horse off the bank almost on top of us. Then Lieutenant Armstrong and Sergeant George Hall came in on foot. They had been sitting sideways on their horses when the Mexicans broke on them shooting and yelling and their horses jumped from under them and ran off. Sergeant Orell made it to us with his horse and Casuse had his. We now had only three horses.

"When the Mexicans did not see any of us on the bank, they thought we were swimming the river, and so here they came, twenty-five horsemen led by General Juan Flores, owner of Las Cuevas. The Captain said, 'Charge them, boys!' and we ran up the cow trail to the top of the bank and formed a line. 'Open up on them as fast as you can,' said the Captain.

"We opened and they ran back to the thicket, but General Juan Flores fell dead from his horse in seventy-five yards of the thicket with his pistol in his hand and two needle-gun bullets in his body. The Captain said he thought the rest of the Mexicans had stopped in the thicket.

"He said, 'Widen out in line of battle four feet apart, march across and fire into the thicket.' We marched and fired volley after volley until we marched up to where General Juan Flores lay. The Captain stooped down and picked up the pistol; it was a Smith and Wesson, plated with gold and silver, the finest I ever saw. Casuse said it was General Flores who lay there, owner of Las Cuevas, headquarters for all cow bandits.

"The Captain placed the pistol in his belt and said that the open field we were in gave the Mexicans too much advantage. We went back to the river."

While this firing was in process, Captain Randlett crossed about forty soldiers into Mexico, justifying his action on the basis of Clendenin's orders "not to cross . . . unless he saw plainly that McNelly was about to be massacred." He stated that when the firing began, Captain McNelly was on the Texas side, and at once embarked in the canoe for the Mexican shore. When the firing became heavier, McNelly cried across the river, "Randlett, for God's sake, come over and help us."

Randlett wrote: "I believed his command was in danger of annihilation, and at once crossed with two men in the boat, directing Farnsworth to command on this side and send over men as fast as possible. He sent me about half his company and half my own." Without doubt McNelly's cry for help exaggerated his distress, and was made for the purpose of bring the federal troops into Mexico.

Having maneuvered the federal officers into Mexico, McNelly's next purpose was to use them. "I tried to induce the federal officers," he said, "to go with me to the ranch, but they refused." Randlett was

willing to stay with the Rangers by the riverbank until his superior officer, Major Alexander, arrived, but he could not be induced to go into the interior.

The question uppermost in all minds was what would Alexander do? Would he cross the river and go with McNelly after the cattle and the Cuevians? Or would he order Captain Randlett back to Texas and leave McNelly's men alone in Mexico? In the interval of waiting, from about 11:00 in the morning until 5:00 in the afternoon, the Mexicans made several charges, but were repulsed by the combined force of soldiers and Rangers.

In the meantime the Mexican forces were increasing, and when Randlett learned that 200 troops had arrived in the Mexican camp, he decided to return to Texas. Just as he had made this decision a flag of truce appeared. He met the bearer and received a neatly written document "purporting to come from the Chief Justice of the State of Tamaulipas."

The document was full of friendly assurances. It promised that the cattle would be returned to Ringgold next day, that every effort would be made to arrest the thieves, and it requested that the troops be withdrawn from Mexico. Though he had already decided to retire because of the concentration of Mexican forces in his front, Randlett now decided to remain because he saw signs of weakness in the demand which the Mexicans had made upon him.

He wrote: "The invitation for me to retire was so mildly put that I did not feel compelled to accept, and would only consent on my own terms to a cessation of hostilities against the Las Cuevas thieves until 9 o'clock the next morning." His conditions were that the flagbearer and the 200 Mexican soldiers who had just arrived from Camargo should fall back three miles from his pickets, which were 100 yards from the river, and leave the flag of truce flying on neutral ground.

When he returned to the river just after sundown, he saw Major Alexander on the Texas side. Alexander ordered him out of Mexico immediately.

McNELLY makes an entirely different report of the whole flag-of-truce episode. He states that at about 5:00 o'clock the Mexicans sent a flag of truce and a note addressed to the "Officer Commanding the Forces Invading Mexico." He refused to receive the note with such an address, and pointed out that when Captain Randlett received it he thereby assumed command. The note demanded that the troops vacate Mexico and promised to consider the Texas complaint afterwards. McNelly states that Randlett agreed to the terms, but he did not.

"I refused to recross until they delivered me the stolen cattle and the thieves." The Mexicans then asked for a suspension of hostilities for the night. "I also refused that unless they complied with my demands." The Mexicans told McNelly that they could not deliver the cattle that night for the reason that most of them were in Camargo. McNelly then agreed to make no advance that night provided the Mexicans would bring in the two horses, saddles and bridles which the Mexicans had captured that morning.

Then comes a revelation of the audacity of this man: "I . . . agreed to keep the white flag up for some hours, and *agreed to give them an hour's notice before I commenced active operations.*" These terms were accepted.

By 6:00 o'clock the thirty Texas Rangers were alone in Mexico, facing a growing combination of a Mexican army and a Mexican citizen mob. Captain McNelly had agreed to give this formidable aggregation an hour in which to prepare to defend themselves against thirty men!

Night came down on the river. Captain McNelly sent his horses back to Texas and went himself to procure bread to go with the goat meat. Bill Callicott resumes the narrative.

"The Captain came back with some breadstuff and told us to eat our mutton we had broiled the night before we started into Mexico. He said, 'Boys, it's all off. The U. S. Captain won't let me have any of his men and I know of no other Rangers in Texas except Major Jones' Rangers on the northern Indian frontier and they are too far away to get here. We will stay here a while. They can't surround us and cut us off from forage and water, and they can't cut us off from grub because I have arranged with that Mexican in the leaky dugout to furnish us with all the mutton, bread and coffee we need.' And so we remained there all night.

"The Captain did not like the place where we were because the bank was too high. We moved to another place where the bank was about four feet high with a slope to the water. The Captain sent two boys over after spades. They brought two spades and a shovel. The Captain then went down about halfway between the bank and the edge of the water and stepped off a trench forty feet long fronting Mexico. Then he stepped off about thirty feet at each end angling from the main trench to the bank. Then he told three of the boys to come.

"'Boys,' he said, 'I want this trench dug two feet deep and three feet wide; pile the dirt on the upper bank and pack it level. When the Mexicans charge us again, they will come in big numbers, and when they do, we will fight them from the thicket to the bank; and if we can't stand them off at the bank we will fall back to this trench and fight them to a death finish. I am willing to die with you boys and I expect as much from you. Now work. I will have three fresh men on every hour until it is finished.'

"If ever you saw boys scatter dirt we did, for well we knew that if the Mexicans did charge over the bank that trench would be our death cell—for the Captain always meant what he said.

"We finished. The Captain came and looked at our work and said that the Confederate veterans couldn't have done any better in the way of trench digging. Then we went back to the bank to watch the Mexicans.

"That night after dark the Captain came to me and said, 'Bill, it is your time to go on guard. I will locate you on the outside post and I want to tell you what to do before we go as we will be too close to them to talk after we get there. I am going to put you in that bloodweed patch about 100 yards from the Mexican lines. When I get you to the place, I will press you on the shoulder and you sit down facing the Mexicans and keep a good lookout.

"'If one man comes toward the river, halt him three times; and if he does not stop, shoot him and come to me at the river. One man will be a spy trying to locate us before they charge. Be sure you let him get up close enough so you won't miss him. If more than one comes, fire on them and come to me.'

"When we got to the place, he pressed me on the shoulder and I sat down. I had been on guard about an hour; had seen nothing or heard nothing. Then I heard dry bloodweeds breaking toward the Mexican lines. The noise was coming nearer. The night was bright with starlight and finally I saw the object and took it for a man. It came closer, but I could not see it clearly for the bloodweeds. It was very near.

"I said, 'Halt.' I said, 'Halt,' again, but it came on and I felt my hat begin to rise on my head as I sat there expecting a thousand Mexicans to charge me. Just then it turned to the left and I saw that it was nothing but a cow. My hat settled down in place, but I could feel my heart thumping right under my collar. Soon the Captain came with the relief, and I returned with him to the riverbank.

"I told him how near I came to shooting the cow for a man, and he said, 'Bill, I'm glad you didn't shoot for it might have woke up that U. S. captain on the other side of the river and he would think the Mexicans were charging us and would turn the Gatling guns loose on us and we wouldn't last twenty minutes. I am more afraid of the Gatling guns than of the Mexicans.'"

SO THE long starlit night wore through and the morning of November 20 came creeping over the sage-gray valley. On this day Captain McNelly sent General Steele the following telegram:

MEXICO NEAR LAS CUEVAS
NOV 20 1875

GEN WM STEELE
AUSTIN
I CROSSED THE RIVER ON THE EIGHTEENTH. ON THE NINETEENTH I MARCHED ON FAST TO RANCH LAS CUEVAS. KILLED FOUR MEN BEFORE REACHING THE RANCH AND FIVE AFTERWARDS. ON MY ARRIVAL I FOUND ABOUT THREE HUNDRED MEN. AFTER A FEW SHOTS I RETREATED TO THE RIVER AS THE U. S. WERE ORDERED NOT TO CROSS. THE MEXICANS FOLLOWED ME TO THE RIVER AND CHARGED ME. THEY WERE REPULSED AND AS THEY SEEMED TO BE IN FORCE SOME FORTY U. S. SOLDIERS CAME OVER. THE MEXICANS MADE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS . . . TO DISLODGE US BUT FAILED. UNITED STATES TROOPS WITHDREW TO LEFT BANK LAST NIGHT . . . . THE MEXICANS IN MY FRONT ARE ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED. WHAT SHALL I DO?

L H McNELLY
CAPT RANGERS

138 COLLECT
715 and 152 VIA
BROWNSVILLE

By this time the wires were singing with messages from Las Cuevas on the Rio Grande to Washington on the Potomac. General E. O. C. Ord at San Antonio had orders from Washington to dispose his troops "as if ordinary cattle stealing only were going on," to return private property, the seized ferryboat of Camargo, and to inform the Mexicans that the United States troops were under orders not to cross. On the same day, Potter wired Major Alexander:

FORT BROWN NOV 20
TO MAJOR ALEXANDER,
COMMDG IN THE FRONT.
ADVISE CAPT McNELLY TO RETURN AT ONCE TO THIS SIDE OF THE RIVER. INFORM HIM THAT YOU ARE DIRECTED NOT

(Continued on page 73)

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An exclusive interview with the former Vice-President of the United States

BY MAURY MAVERICK, JR.

"MR. JOHN NANCE GARNER will see you at your convenience. Come on out," the invitation read.

Come on out I did the following day from San Antonio to Cactus Jack's home in Uvalde, Texas, a community named after Juan de Ugalde, an Eighteenth Century officer who soldiered for the Spanish Crown from the wilds of Peru to the Ghost Mountains of what is now Big Bend National Park.

"Come in here, boy, if your name is Maverick," a strong voice called. "James Slayden got me Bandera County in my first Congressional District. He helped me to go to Congress. I don't fancy interviews much anymore, but I'll talk to you on account of Jim. Come in, boy. Come in." (Congressman James Slayden was my great-uncle.)

A sole attendant in the old and modest frame house led me to the former Vice-President of the United States. I saw a small, ninety-three-year-old man with bushy eyebrows and alert eyes who somehow reminded me of Saint Nick.

"Sit down in that chair," Mr. Garner commanded. Then, after pointing a warning finger at me, he said, "Let's get something straight. Don't you talk politics to me. When I left Washington the last time, all the newspaper reporters came down to the train to see me off. I told them I'd never cross the Potomac River again. Those newspaper boys gave me a big 'ha-ha,' but I still haven't crossed the Potomac so the 'ha-ha' is on them. No politics now, boy, understand?"

"Mr. Vice-President, I don't want to talk politics either. The magazine I am writing for isn't political. We want to know about the first member of your family who came to Texas, about any contact you had with the Indians, your early childhood, and what it was like when you first started in law practice."

"All right, son," Mr. Garner replied, "get your pencil out and let's get going.

"IN THE early part of 1842, my widowed grandmother, Rebecca Walpole Garner, left the mountain country of Tennessee with a mess of children. She drove an ox wagon by herself to Blossom Prairie, Texas.

"Her dead husband's name was John Nance Garner. She gave that same name to my father, who gave it to me. That's three John Nance Garners in a row.

"My father fought as a Confederate cavalryman, and after the Civil War he came home and married Sarah Guest, my mother. She was pure Irish. Her father came from Dublin."

"Mr. Garner, were you born in a log cabin like one of the history books says you were?"

"No. It was a log house with five or six rooms. A good house, too."

"Did you ever have any trouble with the Indians?"

"I never experienced any Indian raids or difficulty. Sometimes we would ride up to the Oklahoma Indian country and watch them play their brand of baseball. They had sticks with cups on the end which they would use to scoop up the ball. They would bloody each other. The first time I saw them do this I was only twelve and Lord-to-mercy I was so scared I cried. They were the only Indians I ever saw. I never saw any Indians later on in south Texas."

"Mr. Garner, one of your biographies describes you during your boyhood days as being active as a cat and full of the devil. What about that?"

"Boy, two cats! Two devils!"

We both laughed, and then I asked him about his educational background.

"Well, I walked three miles to a one-room school which wasn't open much more than four or five months a year because it was the Reconstruction Period and times were poor.

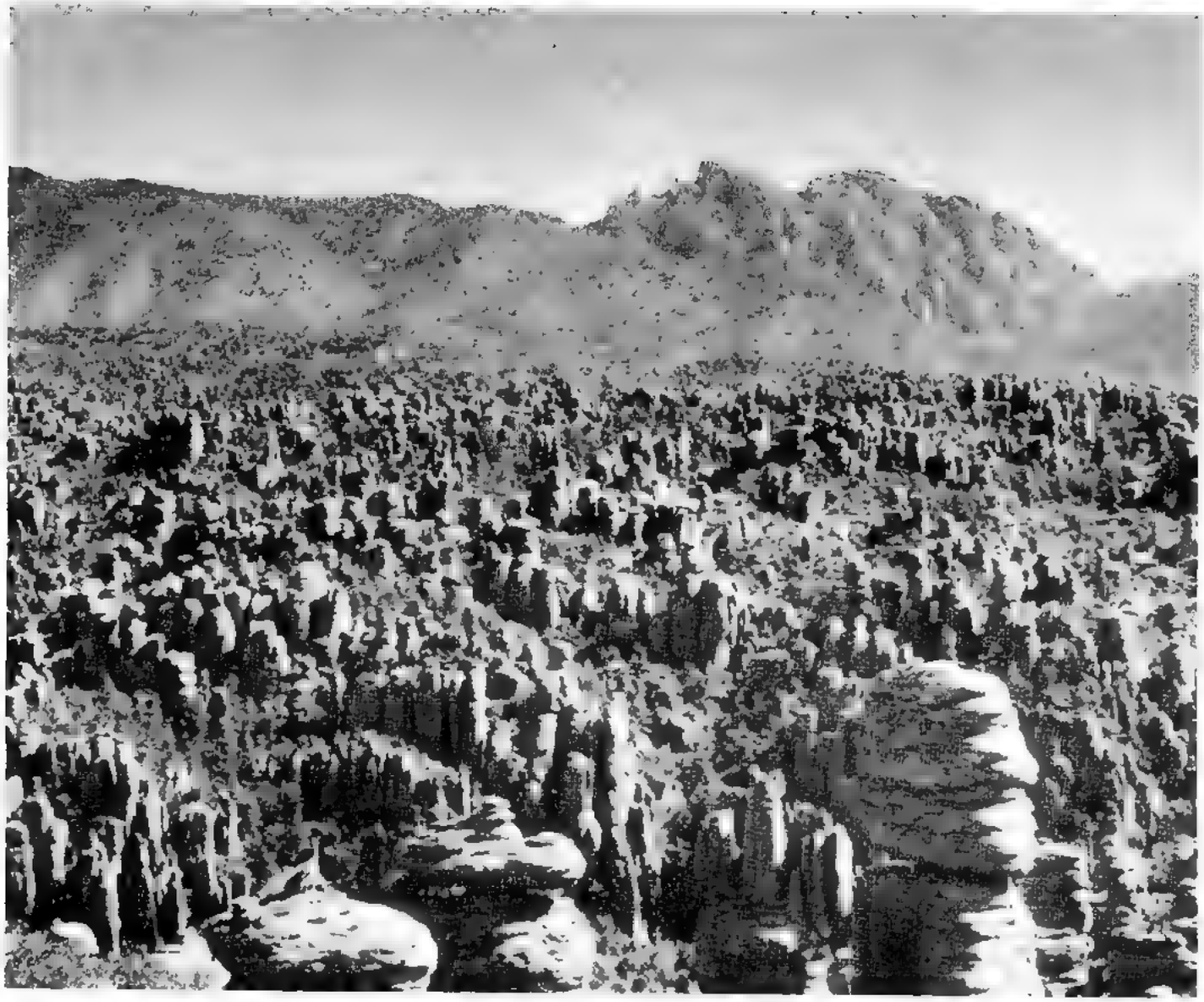
"I had an old maid aunt, Miss Kitty Garner, who taught me the most. She made me learn my A-B-C's from an old blue-back speller. That was a good book. It would say 'd-o-g dog,' and 'h-o-g hog.' And then there would be a picture of a dog and a hog.

"In those days I was a good little short-stop. Had to play short-stop. Too little to play anything else. Our team was called the Possum Trot Nine and we played town ball. You play town ball with a rubber ball."

"TELL ME how you got to be a lawyer."

"Well, I went to Clarksville, the county seat of Red River County, and studied for a spell in the law offices of Captain M. L. Sims, an ex-Confederate officer. I

(Continued on page 76)



Cochise Head Mountain. Notice the almost perfect profile.

Battle at Cooke's

"Of the many deeds of desperate bravery performed all over the frontier of America by her hardy pioneers, probably none can compare in dogged determination and persistent fighting with those displayed in the affair at Cooke's Canyon in July, 1861."— W. S. Oury

Cochise Head Photo by Western Ways

Oury Photo from Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Editor's Note: On June 10, 1861, Chiricahua and Mimbreno Apaches massacred seven white men in a pass through the Peloncillo Mountains. Historians, until eleven years later, had no contacts for gaining information from members of the two Apache bands. Uncovering any of the details of the battle seemed impossible until W. S. Oury, the first mayor of San Antonio, a veteran of the Mexican War, one of the pioneer builders of Tucson and the first president of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, published an account of the heroic struggle in the *Tucson Citizen* in 1879. He had talked to both Indians and people who—even more than he—were in their confidence.

The account below has been carefully prepared and researched. All the details are as accurate as our research could make them, although a few necessarily were based upon study of the terrain and upon Oury's statements, some of which we were not able to verify by double-checking. In cases where a conflict occurred, alternate possibilities are suggested.

SEVEN seasoned men, well supplied with rifles, six-guns and plenty of ammunition, rode out of Mesilla, New Mexico, June 20, 1861, to escort a mail coach over Cooke's wagon road to Tucson and Fort Yuma. Following the trail originally blazed by the Mormon Battalion, they weaved down toward the

Peloncillos, entering the rugged little mountain chain on the New Mexico-Arizona border through Cooke's Canyon.

Apparently they did not know that both Cochise and Mangas Coloradas and their bands were in the vicinity. They were fated soon to find out.

The mail party reached the Peloncillo Range on the afternoon of July 20 and began winding slowly up the difficult pass. Cochise and his Chiricahuas, on their way east from a successful horse raid in Chihuahua, saw them coming and set an ambush. Their first volley went wild but the noise of their fire was heavy enough that Fred Thomas, the leader of the whites, lashed his men and the wagon toward the crest of a bald hill to the south, where he thought the chances for successfully defending themselves would be better.

The seven men lived through the storm of gun and arrow fire and reached the hilltop in safety. Turning the mules and coach, they hastily unloaded all their weapons, ammunition, food, blankets and small supply of water.

Thomas then sent the driverless mules and their load of mail and packages careening down the hill at a runaway pace. Apparently he hoped the animals would turn down the pass once they reached the trail and lead the Apaches away. They would be captured, of course, but the Indians might be satisfied with the plunder and go on their way.

Had he known the Apaches were led by Cochise—and known that Mangas Coloradas and his Mimbrenos were close by and would, hearing the firing, join the assault—he might have kept the coach on the hill where it would at least have furnished shade.

As it turned out, the ruse was totally unsuccessful. The mules made such an abrupt turn the coach capsized practically into the arms of the Apaches.

There was some satisfaction for Thomas in the fact that the Indians were within rifle range when they started to plunder the coach, and the best shots among the whites could pick them off with ease. Thomas set the remainder of his men to

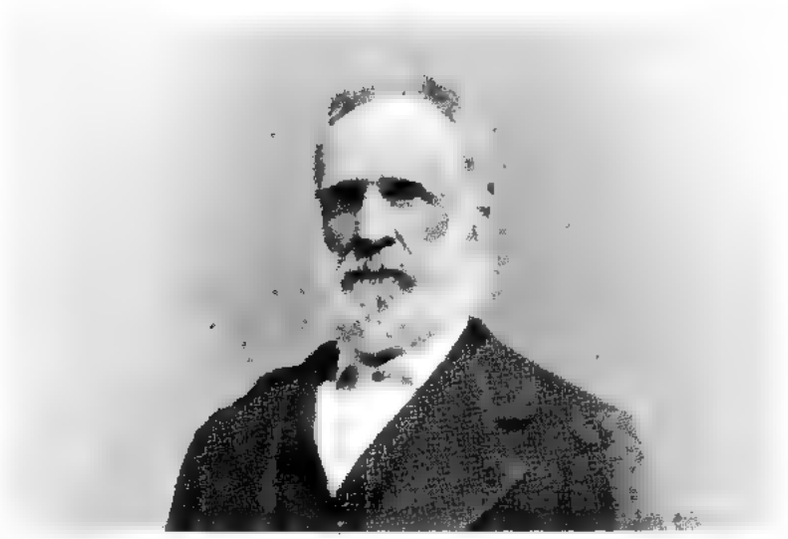
Canyon

By DOUGLAS D. MARTIN

work building a wall of stones. This rampart, when finished, would command the perimeter of the hill.

Cochise was aware of the importance of the rising wall and sent his braves up the slope in a bold charge. The fire of the frontiersmen drove them back and gave the whites an opportunity to raise the height of their wall. They still had hopes that, having looted the mail coach and suffered so heavily in fighting, the Apaches might ride on that night, but took no chances on this and laid out their extra rifles and spread their supplies of ammunition.

Thomas determined to make sure and slipped down the hill to see if the spring were guarded. He was shot at from so



W. S. Oury

many angles that he scrambled back in a hurry. The Apaches were still there in great force.

IT SEEMS probable that, after this, he called a council of war and made plans for the next day, including orders for the rationing of food and water—especially the latter.

With the dawn, the Apaches awoke the beleagured little party by firing at the stone wall, apparently for the fun of hearing the lead richochet. This was a mere waste of ammunition, and one of the chiefs must have put an end to it, for the firing stopped abruptly. The respite was brief, for Cochise sent his men up the hill in the early light.

The alert frontiersmen, all rifles loaded, drove them back. After giving up the idea of ending the battle by overwhelming the whites in one attack, the Apaches tried to advance by moving from boulder to boulder, but this, too, failed, for the marksmenship of the seven men was deadly.

The seven whites, still unwounded, soon realized the few tablespoons of water Thomas allowed them could not long sustain them. There was no shade on the hill, but they set their jaws, watched for moving Apaches, and got some satisfaction out of taking great care to shoot to kill.

They were almost glad when the Apaches stepped up the battle that afternoon, attacking constantly around the perimeter of the hill and apparently giving no thought to slowly mounting losses. The beleagured men had one advantage: they had two rifles for every man, giving them a chance to let their guns cool when the barrels grew too hot to handle.

Night released the seven from the murderous heat of the sun but could not release them from their need for water. Efforts to reach the spring, however, failed. The Apaches, it seems, had it zeroed in so completely that they were able to turn back every attempt. At last the guard was set again and the little party took what refuge it could find in sleep.

At dawn, the redmen tried the first of many sorties they would attempt that day. Each time the half-delirious fighting men, lips cracked and throats parched, drove them off. Their food and the last drops of water were gone, but, when darkness came again, they had the strength for one more effort.

It must have been Thomas who outlined the plan, for he was to be the sacrifice if it failed. With two volunteers he would try again for water, shielding the spring with his body while his comrades filled a canteen or two behind him and slipped back to the top of the hill.

NO record exists of what developed, but the Apaches saw what happened. Suddenly there were three men at the spring, covered by a hurricane of fire from the rifles and six-guns of their comrades. The Apache guns came alive and centered on a figure beyond the waterhole.

It was Thomas; hit in both legs, he went down on his knees. Lurching forward, his blood staining the stones, he stumped on, still firing. His rifle empty, he drew his pistol and fired at the flashes of Apache guns. Empty, he threw it at his hidden foes and then, in one last gallant gesture, picked up a stone and hurled it into the night.

One hopes he died with the belief that the men he led so well would live a little longer because he had bought them water with his life's blood. It would help a little to feel he did not know that the two volunteers died on the way back to the hilltop, their canteens lost in the rocks. One is sure that he knew those who survived would meet the Apaches' final charge at the wall in hand-to-hand struggle and die like the men they were.

Although Oury made the claim that Cochise admitted 185 casualties, dead and wounded, a more conservative estimate, based on other studies, indicates that less than forty Apaches were slain and another twenty wounded—figures, without exaggeration, that are overwhelming in their own right, especially since the Indians did not have the manpower to spare.

No one has successfully answered the question: *Why were Cochise and Mangas Coloradas willing to sacrifice so many men just to kill seven whites?* Was their hatred that deep? Or was it that, having been repulsed following their first assault, they, being proud, would not journey on feeling they had lost a skirmish to an inferior force? They had already looted the stage; it does not seem likely they believed the whites were carrying anything of great value on their persons. Yet for some reason, they determinedly charged the defensive position, not willing merely to starve out their antagonists.

We probably will never know exactly why. History has left us only a memory of the event; we must fill in with speculation the motives that made it real.

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The old corner drugstore, Fourth and Austin, Waco, Texas, 1895.

LAST of the Fire-Eaters

By ROGER N. CONGER

The Judge not only had a bad temper,

he had a good aim to back it up.

Judge G. B. Gerald

ON AN autumn day in 1897, Judge George Bruce Gerald of Waco, Texas, met the two Harris brothers, Jim and Bill, in a roaring pistol duel at the city's busiest intersection. When the gunsmoke had drifted by, Judge Gerald still stood erect, his left arm hanging shattered. But both the Harrises lay dead.

No one recalled that Gerald exhibited any particular sign of shock at the conclusion of this sanguinary episode. He was taken by his friends to a nearby doctor's office where, under light anesthesia, his mangled arm was amputated. As he awakened from the chloroform, he first asked for a cigar, and then inquired, "Where did I hit Jim Harris?" A friend said, "Right in the Adam's apple, Judge," to which Gerald quickly replied, "I aimed for the s-o-b's collar button!"

Powder smoke was a comparatively familiar smell to Judge Gerald. As a youth in Mississippi, before the Civil War, and during his law school days at Lebanon, Tennessee, he had earned broad renown as a trigger-tempered fighter. The bowie knife was the popular weapon of that era, and George Gerald carried one of as bloodcurdling size as was to be found. He was never overbearing in his attitude, but neither was he ever known to sidestep an encounter, particularly if any point of personal honor was involved.

At the outbreak of the War he was an early and enthusiastic participant. His boldness earned him rapid promotion, as well as four dangerous wounds. At Gettysburg where he commanded the 18th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, his wounds were almost fatal; his left arm was shattered and rendered permanently crippled.

In 1869, with his fortunes at low ebb but with a young wife and four children to support, Gerald moved from Mississippi to the prosperous little Texas town of Waco. He hung out his law shingle and also took over the editorship of the Waco *Examiner*, a flourishing weekly. His writings were pungent and, in some cases, upsetting. A young law clerk, William Edmond, had a desk in a corner of Gerald's editorial office, which was located in a second-floor room on Waco's public square.

Edmond liked to relate the occasion when an irate citizen strode into the office one morning and asked for the editor. Edmond pointed at Gerald, who was bent over his desk, pen in hand. The offended reader stormed toward Gerald's desk, but the editor did not even look up for almost a minute. Then, suddenly, he threw the pen aside and, seizing the intruder's coat collar with his crippled left hand and his trousers with the right, he threw the man bodily out the open window. Edmond ran to the window and looked down. The victim had fortunately landed in a large shrub, breaking the fall, and then had rolled into the sandy street. Edmond said this man never came near Gerald again.

EVEN IN 1870 Texas, the judge soon became a legend. A fellow named Dalton involved Gerald in a tricky suit over the title to a strip of land along the edge of farm property Gerald had purchased and won the lawsuit. On the day of the verdict, at conclusion of the trial, the two met on the steps outside the courthouse. After gazing at his antagonist angrily for a moment, Gerald suddenly drew from his pocket a sharp knife, jerked it open, and seizing Dalton's beard in one hand, cut it off just at the point of the chin.

Gerald was described as "a stranger to physical fear." At the time of his first election to the county judgeship, gambling establishments were flourishing in Waco and Gerald agreed to do something about it.

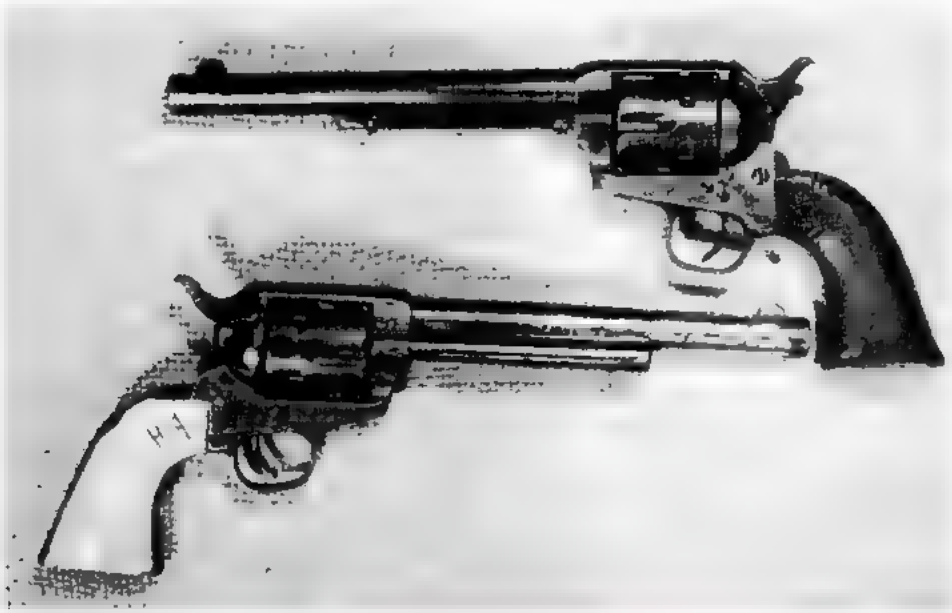
Shortly after taking office, he ordered the county sheriff to proceed to close the places, but the sheriff seemed to heartily dislike the assignment. Early one morning Judge Gerald buckled on his own pistol belt and paid a call on George Crippen's gambling hall, an upstairs joint, and the most lavish in the city.

Finding the place securely locked, Gerald kicked the paneled door inward, lock and all. Entering, he smashed every piece of furniture and threw it all through a window into the alley beneath. Going then to the office of the daily newspaper, he recounted to a reporter exactly what he had done, and asked that it be published in the afternoon edition with the explicit warning that any other gambling house in Waco open that night or any other night, would receive identical treatment. None were open. The gamblers knew their man. People said that Judge Gerald's eyes were like gimlets—"They seemed to burn right through you."

In 1894 another remarkable sort of man moved to Waco. He, too, was a newspaper man, and his name was William Cowper Brann. He commenced the publication of a cheap-looking little magazine called *Brann's Iconoclast*. Those were the days of "personal journalism." Brann was a genius at "taking the hide off" people in his articles; among his special targets were Englishmen, Negroes and Baptists. He made many very active enemies in short order and within three years the town of Waco was divid-

(Continued on page 57)

The Colt single-action Army Peacemakers carried by Jim and Bill Harris (top-to-bottom) in their fatal duel with Judge G. B. Gerald.



For years, the paintings of Russell and Remington have dominated the realm of western art. Now the works of a contemporary, O. C. Seltzer, are emerging to share an equal fame.

By 'TANA MAC

Above, some of Seltzer's finest works were those depicting Indians. "Enemies' Camp," painted in 1952, is a fine example. Below, "The Brand Inspectors," owned by Carl C. Seltzer of Great Falls, shows two cowboys roping a cow in order to read her brand, which has become partially covered with hair. The cow, however, fights back.

THE ART produced by Charles Marion Russell is—and has been—renowned throughout the world. His life as well as the products of his talent have provided the subject matter for numerous articles and books. Strangely enough, in the same community—Great Falls, Montana—lived another artist, a contemporary of Russell, whose paintings were overlooked by a public which seemed interested only in Russell. The work of Olaf Seltzer has just recently come into acclaim and is now considered at least equal to that produced by his more highly-publicized neighbor.

How was it possible for one man to receive great international recognition during his lifetime while the other went unsung? The answer makes an interesting story.

Russell was first a cowboy, then an artist. Until the fencing of the free range, he had ridden throughout Montana, the friend and associate of all those in the cattle business. As a personality he had color and charm and immediately became the subject for many tales and anecdotes. To those who had known him, his paintings were a direct portrayal of the life he and they had led together.

Seltzer, on the other hand, was born in Copenhagen, Denmark. His abilities as an artist were noticed while he was still a child and he was allowed to study in the Art Institute in Copenhagen. While only a youth, he worked and studied among adults and was able to compete with them on their own level.

While Olaf was still in his early teens, his father died. He, his mother and her sister left Denmark to join the sister's husband, Louis Jensen, in Great Falls, Montana. Louis had been ruining his life in Denmark by excessive indulgence in alcohol, so the family paid to have him shanghaied and put ashore in America, believing the New World would be good for him. It was. He went to work on a railroad, then landed a job as furnace man for a silver smelter in Great Falls. He wrote to the sisters, "Come West. I'm having ham and eggs every morning for breakfast and I earn two dollars a day!"

The *Encyclopedia of Northwest Biography* reports that "Seltzer came to Montana not too late to meet many of the old range riders and pioneers, to hear their stories and to capture many of the scenes of the passing range country. His association with Russell naturally affected his work. He did not copy Russel, but he was, of course, decidedly influenced as to style by his close association. In his day, Russell was called a follower of Remington. In turn, Seltzer has followed a similar pattern but his canvases have a distinctive quality that is neither Remington nor Russell but his own. He is without doubt the foremost artist of the so-called Russell school."

OLAF, like Russell, was at home in the saddle and he worked for a few livestock outfits around Great Falls, such as those of H. H. Hartman-Valentine

Montana's Second Genius

Laubenheimer, Pete Hansen and others. Yet he was not the dyed-in-the-wool cowboy that Russell was, nor did Olaf stay with the work of a cowboy.

On October 6, 1893, sixteen-year-old Olaf went to work for the Great Northern Railway as a machinist apprentice. He also worked for the BA&P Railroad at Anaconda, Montana, and the old narrow gauge at Lethbridge, Alberta.

In his spare time, Seltzer was painting. During his stay at Lethbridge he studied the Blood Indians and had constant opportunities to watch the buffalo and other wild game of the open prairies. But it was not until 1926 that he left railroad work to engage exclusively in art.

World War II brought him back to the machinist trade, for he felt it was his duty to help in the war effort. Immediately following Pearl Harbor, he began teaching lathe operation at Great Falls High School. From August of 1943 until the war ended he worked in the machine shops of the Great Falls Army Air Base. The last years of his life (he died in December, 1957) were spent in a wheelchair.

Seltzer and Russell met on the latter's thirty-third birthday, March 19, 1897, and instantly liked one another. Seltzer was twenty years old at the time. On many occasions they rode the range together, painted together and exchanged ideas on art and the times. They were probably each other's best critics.

During part of 1926-27, Olaf went to New York to live, taking his family with him. In the words of his son, Carl Seltzer, Olaf "was attracting favorable comment in a wide circle and numerous commissions were coming his way." Collectors of Western Americana recognized his genius and began quietly adding his works to their collections.

Dr. Philip Cole, who had one of the largest Russell collections in the world at Tarrytown, New York, became interested in Olaf and commissioned him to paint many works for his collection. The collection is now at the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art at Tulsa, Oklahoma.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt possessed a canvas by Seltzer; Lauritz Melchior, the great Danish opera singer, and George Palmer Putnam and his wife, Amelia Earhart, also owned Seltzer originals. The famous aviatrix asked him to execute designs for envelopes to be carried on her flight across the Pacific. These she sent to Roosevelt and the Postmaster General and other celebrities, and one was sent to Olaf, which his son, Carl, now has.

After a stay of about a year in New York, Olaf returned to Great Falls. The West was his inspiration and, although he made many trips to New York, Montana was his chosen haven.

Bill James of Great Falls, today city editor of the Great Falls *Tribune* but then editor of its Sunday magazine supplement, *Montana Parade*, sang the praises of this artist in glowing accurate terms in July of 1954. "Great Falls, intensely grateful for the world-wide at-

Above, "Roping Steers," a watercolor painted in 1909. Below, "The Indian Hunters," from the C. M. Russell Gallery, Great Falls, Montana.

"Indian Scouts," a 1939 oil, is owned by Kermit E. Rasmussen, Harlem, Montana, artist.

tention it has received for being the home of the late famous cowboy artist, Charles M. Russell, is basking in the glory of another great western artist who was a close friend of Russell—O. C. Seltzer."

During the time of that interview, Olaf was seventy-seven years of age. The artist estimated he had completed about 2,500 paintings and sketches and he believed them to be in every state in the Union as well as several provinces in Canada. To honor Seltzer, Bill quoted from the 1941 edition of *Encyclopedia of Northwest Biography:*

"As a portrayer of the western scene, Olaf Carl Seltzer belongs in the great tradition of Remington and Russell, a tradition which retains all its vitality and force in the canvases which have brought him an international reputation as an artist. He was . . . an intimate friend of Charles Russell for many years, but has brought to his career original and arresting gifts which make his work entirely his own.

"His work is distinguished by his mastery of line, his pleasing attention to detail and inherent rectitude of taste as a colorist. His fine draftmanship qualifies him to achieve the jewel-like perfection of the miniature and many of his early canvases were on a small scale, often embodying an Oriental or Continental background, painted in with infinite detail. Much of his fine work had to be done under a powerful glass. As a result, his eyes suffered and when his western canvases began to achieve their great popularity he abandoned his work on a smaller scale. It is as an artist of the West that he is best known and there is hardly a state that has not at least one Seltzer western."

IN THE last few years of his life, Olaf painted from a wheelchair. His failing eyesight forced him to resort to a magnifying glass, but the mastery of detail was there to the very end.

Among themes favored by Olaf were homestead episodes, since he personally had known that period well, and Indian and cowboy life. Beautiful are his oils—"The Medicine Man," "The Foothill Nester" and "The Coming of the White Man." Among the gorgeous oils owned by the Gilcrease Institute are "The Disputed Trail," "The Passport," which shows a group of mounted Crees crossing the Montana-Canadian border, "A Wet Morning on the Circle," "Herald of the Robe Trade," "The Red River Cart" and "Crow Scouts at Sunrise."

Olaf also portrayed the freighter and the muleskinner; sometimes the cowboy he depicted was his friend, Charlie Russell. Some of his finest works are owned by his sons, Carl and Walter, of Great Falls. Both sons are gifted, Walter in painting, Carl in miniature railroading. The latter has a keen enthusiasm for early locomotives, and was instrumental in getting his father to include some in his paintings.

The largest canvas Olaf executed depicts the first meeting of the Masons in the Territory of Montana. It is over twenty feet in length and now hangs on the wall of the Grand Masonic Lodge Building at Helena, Montana.

In 1960 Montana State Historical Society's Gallery at the Veterans and Pioneers Building in Helena held the largest showing of his work offered the public up to that time. Olaf's work was earlier honored when William H. Marks, who has a large collection of Seltzer and Russell, put on a one-man show in 1935. In 1934, the New York Herald Tribune carried a feature on Seltzer.

Director Michael S. Kennedy of the Montana State Historical Society and Gallery, and editor of its magazine, *Montana, the Magazine of Western History,* in his appraisal of the efforts of Seltzer, states that the artist "backed away from publicity, generally from people, and always from self-aggrandizement."

Carl Seltzer admits that his father had strong likes and dislikes. "If Dad liked you, he liked you, and if he didn't, he didn't want anything to do with you and he was outspoken enough to tell you so. Some who did not care for his honesty and candidness knocked him, but he was bold enough to be free of all hypocrisy."

Carl and Walter furnish the best verbal biographies of their father. Carl recalls the time Olaf and Russell, accompanied by Dr. Bateman, went into the Missouri brakes. "They went by saddlehorse, and planned to stay for several days," recalls Carl. "But about the first night out, a terrible rainstorm came up and all they had to hide under were their saddle blankets. The dye ran out of the blankets and

"Fools Fire," owned by Kermit E. Rasmussen, was painted in oil by Olaf Seltzer in 1942.

LIC ORG TRONIC RE N PROHIBITED

when they awoke in the morning, they all looked like redskins.

"With the break of day, the wind changed its course, and brought a horrible stench. Investigating, they found an Indian corpse in a tree. They left that location in a hurry but as a result of the experience, Dad painted an Indian burial scene."

Olaf was so careful of every detail that he readily caught flaws in his own work, as well as noting them in the works of others. "What's wrong with that painting?" Olaf asked Carl one day when they were viewing the canvas of a contemporary.

"I looked and looked, but I could find no fault," Carl confesses.

"Look again," said his father. "What color is a buffalo's tongue?" (In that particular oil painting, the tongue was red.)

"Red," replied Carl.

"Wrong," said Olaf. "It should be black."

Carl was not at all convinced, however, that a buffalo's tongue was black, so one night coming home he stopped at the meat market.

"Ever butcher a buffalo?" he asked.

"Lots of 'em," said the butcher. "I used to work for the government on a game refuge and we helped butcher part of the herd at different times when shortage of feed required fewer buffaloes."

"Then tell me, please, what color is the tongue of a buffalo?"

"Black," replied the butcher. Carl to this day expresses surprise that his father would know that detail.

Another time they were viewing a painting of buffaloes. To Carl the work looked flawless, but not so to his dad.

"Not good," said Olaf. "Not good."

"What's wrong with it, father?" asked Carl.

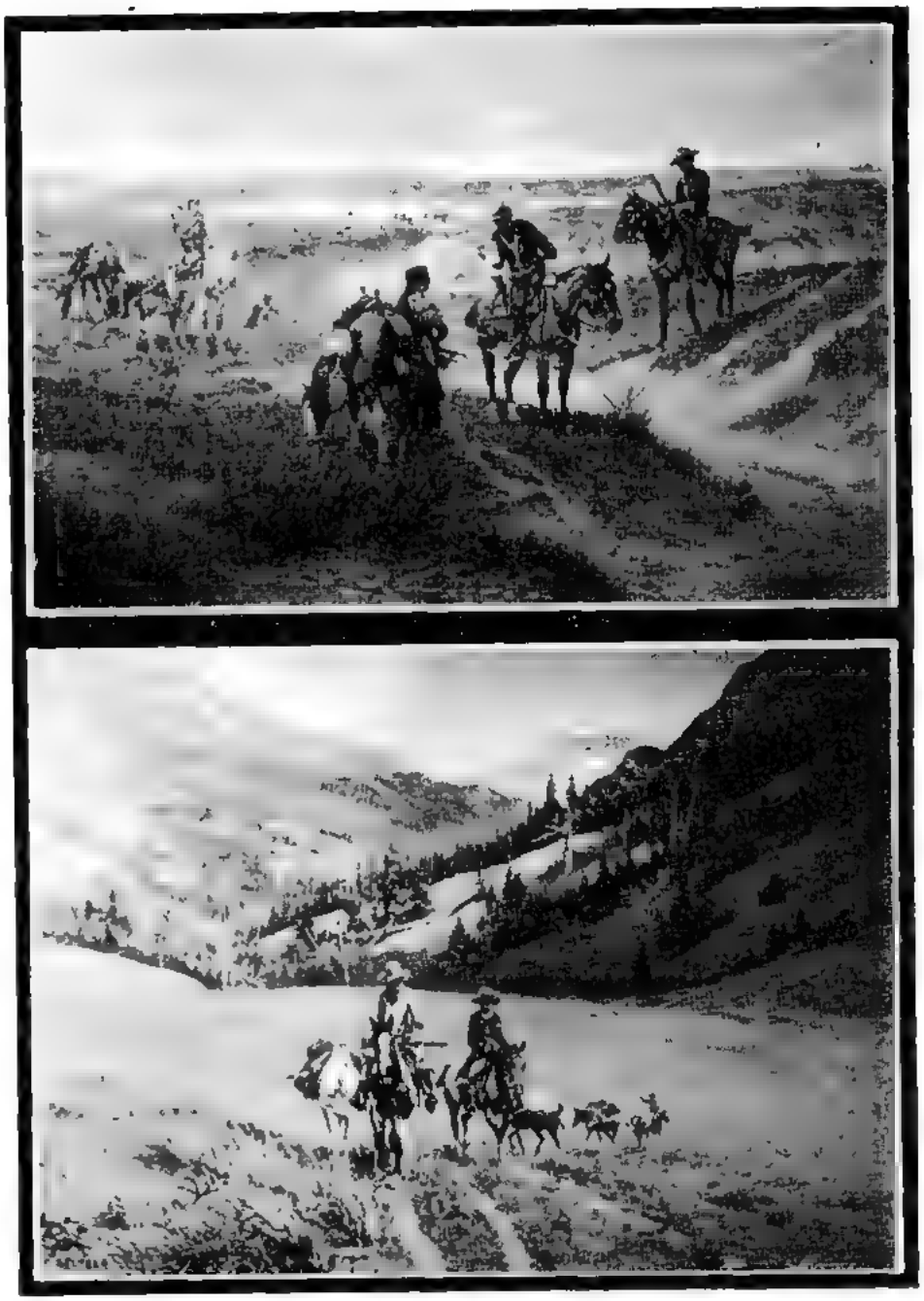
"See that buffalo that has water dripping off his hide in large puddles?" asked his parent.

"Yes."

"How far do you estimate that herd is from that river in the background?"

"At least a mile or more."

"Exactly. Then how could the water be running off this bull when he's come that far from the river? He wouldn't be dripping after he left the riverbank!"



Top, "Blood Hounds of the North," painted in 1952, shows Mounties checking Indians' papers. Milk River and East Butte show in the background. Above, "The Fallen Monarch," is now in the Carl Seltzer collection. It was painted at the request of Amelia Earhart Putnam, the famed aviatrix who disappeared on a trans-Pacific flight. The painting was not completed before the journey and so was never delivered. The setting shows the country around Sundance, Wyoming. Left, Olaf C. Seltzer as a newcomer to Montana.

WALTER declares that his father was a lover of history and spent many hours in the library doing research. Old-time photographer Hildore C. Eklund of Great Falls says, "Olaf's paintings were so accurate in dealing with pioneer life that anyone who knew that life can sense the truth in the paintings. They move you with memories of how things used to be before our life became complicated with machines and speed."

Once, Walter Seltzer recalls, Olaf broke his right arm but that did not stop him from painting. He immediately began to employ his left hand and proved to be exceedingly ambidextrous. Several falls in his latter years compelled Olaf to use a cane, and eventually a wheelchair.

He was always, even to the end, an early riser and accomplished a full day's work in the morning hours. He had several hobbies, including collecting stamps, butterflies and beetles, which he purchased from dealers all over the world.

"Many times when father was using a magnifying glass in painting," Carl recalls, "he could not find a brush fine enough to suit him and he would pull half the hairs out of one that he had. Sometimes I would see him put the brush in his mouth in an effort to achieve the finest possible point."

Olaf was generous with advice to young

Always prolific, Seltzer—besides the Indian paintings which have recently brought him posthumous fame—painted and sketched a wide variety of subjects, from meticulously careful oils like that above to touching portraits of his favorite cat (below) and scenic views like the one, right, painted on a buffalo shoulderbone.

aspiring artists. Kermit E. Rasmussen of Harlem, Montana, greatly admired Seltzer's work and bought four oils from the artist to decorate the walls of his store in Harlem. Because business consumes most of his time, Kermit still considers himself a beginning artist. "But Olaf was ever willing to exnlain things about which I was in doubt," recalls Kermit. "He was one in a million."

One painting by Olaf covers almost an entire wall of the Carl Seltzer home. It was one of Olaf's last canvases and it remains unfinished, although only the studied observer is aware of details not completed. Olaf called it, "The Strength of the Weak." Set in old Mexico, it shows a pilgrimage of monks visiting a wayside shrine. Surveying the party is a group of mounted outlaws, sabres and guns in hand, but in the hand of a courageous monk greeting them on foot is a crucifix, which he holds aloft in salutation. Fear holds the outlaws frozen in their tracks. It is a powerful painting.

Walter's favorite among his collection is an oil painting called "The Stag of St. Hubert." Done in somber tones, it shows the stag with a flaming cross between its antlers while the bewildered hunter and hounds crouch in awe, not knowing what to make of the miracle they see. St. Hubert was the patron saint of hunters.

The collectors of Seltzer's work are too numerous to list in their entirety, but a few of them include the Montana State Historical Society; the Gilcrease Institute of History and Art; the L. L. S. Nelson, Fristoe Nelson Collections in Seattle; Chester McNair and Dr. E. D. Hitch-

Above, "A Dangerous Grizzly" executed in oil in 1940 is owned by Kermit E. Rasmusson. Extreme right, one of Seltzer's many nature sketches. Right, an Indian, probably a friend of Olaf's.

cock, Great Falls; the Wm. Marks Collection, Seattle; Mrs. Verne Casey, Great Falls; the Jack Toole family, Shelby, Montana; the Great Falls Clinic; Ruby Frost, Seattle; General Mills, Inc.; and the Great Falls National Bank.

Olaf's father, Carl Seltzer, had been an artist in his own right, having worked in cut glass. Yet never did Olaf long to go back to the Old World. The West had won him over too completely for that and, because of it, the West today is fortunate. He will have his place next to Remington and Russell, and will become another giant in the field of Western Americana.

If great acclaim awaited the death of Olaf Seltzer, he was the better for it, for he never became its pawn. The "Frontier Vermeer" rests with fame secure.

TODAY, in or near spectacular and primitive Monument Valley, lies a magnificent vein of almost pure silver fought for by Navajos and white men for more than a century. Death itself has made a secret place out of the fabulous spot that once lured many hard-nosed miners and prospectors to violent and bloody ends.

All hell broke loose in the 1860's when Chief Hoskaninny of the Navajos rallied his braves to a succession of desperate rearguard actions and ambuscades against tough U.S. Cavalry campaigners. Then, before they could be surrounded, the Navajos fled to Monument Valley. The pursuers scrambled and sweated and cursed and lost good mounts in the worst terrain they'd ever operated in—Canyon de Chelly and Canyon del Muerto—but were unable to catch up with Hoskaninny and his warriors.

Years passed and still the cavalry didn't get the job done. Hoskaninny won his battle for survival and claimed the strange reaches of Monument Valley as his own, never allowing his tribe to trade with the whites or journey far from their isolated stronghold.

Then roaming prospectors of the Colorado Mancos country began to hear intriguing tales. Ute Indians who made occasional raids from north of the San Juan River for horses and women began bartering with handwrought *pishlaki* jewelry taken from captured Navajo women. (Pishlaki is the Navajo word for

Left, Hoskaninny-begay, son of the Hoskaninny who befriended Cass Hite. Below, Navajo silversmith.

UNTIL THE DAY HE DIED IN HIS REMOTE CANYON HOME,

CONVICTED KILLER CASS HITE

DREAMED OF A FORTUNE IN NAVAJO SILVER

ONCE WITHIN GRASP OF HIS HAND.

One Came Back

By JULIAN DANA

Hoskaninny-begay Photo from Utah State Historical Society

Silversmith photo from Museum of the American Indian

silver.) The curious prospectors came up with the idea that Hoskaninny and his braves had discovered a silver mine, even though the captive women denied knowledge of the origin of their bangles.

Soon quite a number of rough and ready treasure hunters set out for the general vicinity of Hoskaninny's hide-out. Most of the old-timers shook their heads when they pondered the sandstone areas of the valley; it seemed a most unlikely spot for an outcrop of real silver. At least a dozen adventurers, well-armed and most of them Indian-wise, failed to return from their search.

Just how Ad Mitchell and Jim Herne got lucky will never be known. Probably the large number of seekers they had killed made Hoskaninny's men a little careless. The two were able to evade red watchers and stumbled on to a rich vein the Indians had apparently been mining. Incredibly, their luck also held out on the trail back.

SOME WEEKS later, the close-lipped partners, happy but travel-worn, reached a trading post on the upper San Juan River with what an awed local assayer reported as the richest silver ore ever seen in Colorado. Fifty people saw the specimens before they were assayed and sold and smelted—the pair made no secret of their strike even though they said nothing to pinpoint its position.

Herne took his half of the ore money and sold his share of the claim for $7,000.00 to John Merrick, a gambler on the run from a California murder charge. The new team of Mitchell and Merrick outfitted themselves to return to the scene of that amazing strike of almost pure metal.

But this time they were spotted. Hoskaninny's warriors shot them, took their horses and mules and dumped the heavy silver ore panniers disdainfully on the desert.

It took months for the news of Mitchell's and Merrick's murder to reach the outside. Ordinarily the death of two prospectors would have stirred up very little interest, but Mitchell and Merrick were hardly ordinary miners—they'd hit the jackpot and now the mine they had discovered was up for grabs.

With the sweet smell of easy treasure in their nostrils and a publicly professed regard for according the dead decent burial, fourteen citizens of the Moab area started south into Monument Valley, guided by a liquor-bribed Ute who had reputedly seen the bodies.

The Indian had indeed seen what was left of the two men who had worked the treasure vein. He led the searchers directly to the spot and promptly decamped with his two jugs. The prospectors hurriedly raised a cairn of rough stones over the bones. The almost pure silver in the panniers nearby was divided equally and the Moabites, deciding a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, pulled out without looking farther for the source from which the silver had been taken.

When Jim Herne's luck also ran out (he was killed by a stray bullet in a barroom brawl in Salt Lake City), only Hoskaninny and some chosen members of his tribal council knew where the rich vein was located.

The Pishlaki story was a magnet that drew many frontier characters toward Monument Valley. In 1880, a prospector named Cass Hite, a Pecos County Texan who had wandered the West for years, rode boldly into Hoskaninny's camp at high noon and hunkered down by the chief's fire!

Hite was well aware that Navajo hospitality assured any guests food and shelter if they arrived in this manner. He knew, too, that the code allowed him to be attacked and killed immediately on leaving camp.

But this newcomer to Hoskaninny's land had no quick departure on his mind. Hite had the audacity of the devil and the persistence of a hungry range wolf. He made a big play for the chief's friendship and painted himself as a fugitive hated by all whites. After a few weeks the surprising Cass Hite became a member of the tribe, was adopted as a blood-brother by Hoskaninny and given the name "Hosteen Pishlaki"!

HITE was now in a strategic spot to discuss the real reason for his journey to the valley. Hoskaninny admitted, under roundabout questioning, that he knew of a vein of silver so pure that it could be worked without smelting. But he was against the mine's being worked by white men. He felt the security of his people would vanish in the rush for riches by a tide of miners.

Hite finally talked Hoskaninny into believing that the mine ultimately would bring freedom and wealth to the entire tribe. When the matter finally came to a vote in full Navajo council, everybody voted against the idea but the chief himself!

Hite was lucky to get safe passage out of the valley, escorted by six braves. Hosteen Pishlaki, they warned grimly, was never to return with his mischief-making and his forked tongue.

Again on the run, he headed for the Henry Mountains. The Spaniards had worked mines there in earlier days. As Hite made his cautious way down White Canyon he glimpsed a spectacular series of natural bridges, now a national monument.

White Canyon joins the Colorado opposite the head of Trachyte Canyon. There a natural crossing and a beautiful fifteen-acre meadow formed of silt struck Hite's fancy. "First the Pishlaki," he thought, "then back to this." He kept looking back at the meadow as he rode on—Cass Hite had found a spot he wanted to call home.

Hite spent some weeks prospecting the Henrys, then drifted into the lively town of Green River, Utah, and promptly got into a drunken hassle with two strangers. The result: he shot both men to death and was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Utah State Penitentiary.

Hosteen Pishlaki of the short temper was pardoned eighteen months later—tuberculosis had left him a walking skeleton of eighty-three pounds. The authorities figured he had only a few weeks to live. They couldn't have been more mistaken about the tough Texan.

A teamster helped him reach a small settlement called Hanksville, where he put on a few pounds and regained some strength. When he felt he was trail-ready, he put every cent he had into a pack outfit and headed for the meadow. He reached there in 1883—according to the date he carved on a ledge near the river.

He built a good-sized log cabin, then put in a garden and an orchard and dug an irrigation ditch. As he worked he grew stronger. He raised everything he needed except sugar, salt, coffee and ammunition. These he paid for by washing out gold dust from the river sands—not

(Continued on page 48)

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Above, Pawnee children at Loup Fork village. The photo was taken by W. H. Jackson about 1870. Below, the cabin in which Rosa Ruff was born in 1877. The photo was taken in 1933 just before the house was moved to the city park in Stockville.

SHADOWS OF THE BRAVE

Two very different cultures
pressed their demands upon those
who descended from white fathers and Indian mothers.
Strong, hard-willed,
they lived and worked to contribute
their part to our pioneering past.

By EMILY H. LEWIS

Author's Note: The aged cheek was firm and cool against my lips. Rosa Ruff was glad to see her daughter, Emma Jacobs, and me. Soon now, she would be back on the reservation. That knowledge gave a girlish sparkle to her eyes; her slim, wiry body could not be still. Before we could take off our wraps we had to view the newest and tiniest of the great-grandchildren.

"Isn't she beautiful?" the old lady breathed, her face suffused with the wonder and awe that comes to old people when they see their great-grandchildren. "Who would think that anything so tiny could be so perfect?"

I had long been an admirer of Mrs. Ruff. When my friend asked me to go with her to Logan, Utah, to meet her mother, I jumped at the chance. I had wondered many times about the little children of white fathers and Indian mothers. Did their white fathers love them? How were they treated by the whites? By the Indians? Here, I thought, was a chance to get the answers to my questions and incidentally learn, from the Indians' viewpoint, a little early history.

This is her story as she told it to me on the long ride back to the reservation:

I AM eighty-four years old. I was born January 12, 1877, near Stockville, Nebraska, in the first log cabin built in Frontier County (at that time Frontier County comprised about one-fourth of the state). The log cabin belonged to a Mr. Shelly. It was built of unevenly cut cottonwood logs and chinked with mud. My older brother and two older sisters were born in teepees. Ours was a little trapping settlement of white men married to half-blood Indian girls. The only full-blood Indians in the settlement were my grandmother and another old Indian lady whom we called Grandma Nelson.

I was always very fond and very proud of my grandmother. We youngsters used to follow her around and, when she had time, she would tell us thrilling stories of her life when she was young. She was a midwife and she lived such a good and useful life that when she died the people of Stockville buried her in the Stockville cemetery and erected a monument of native stone to her memory.

Grandmother was of Red Cloud's people. Later they were called the "Loafers" by the wild and unruly followers of Crazy Horse. But at that time Red Cloud's band could and did stir up plenty of trouble on their own.

Grandmother was married to a Frenchman by the name of Augustine Lucia. Among other things he was a scout and interpreter for the U. S. Army. In the middle 1840's they were living in Nebraska somewhere near where Sidney is now. They had a ranch and Grandfather furnished beef and buffalo meat for the army.

My grandfather was killed during the Grattan massacre.

(Editor's Note: See the account of this action in the April, 1962 issue of TRUE WEST.)

He tried to prevent the tragedy from happening, rushing between Conquering Bear and Fort Laramie, but couldn't get either the Indians or Lieutenant Grattan to change their minds. Leaving Conquering Bear's camp, he dashed home and saddled his fastest horse. Then, shouting to his friend and partner, Leon Pollardy, to take care of his wife and children, he spurred to the fort to warn the soldiers that the Indians were out to massacre them.

But Grattan refused to believe. In despair, Grandfather mounted his horse again and started toward home to be with his wife and children. Just then the Sioux came pouring over the hill, crazy for revenge on the soldiers for killing Charging Bear. They shot Grandfather and his horse so full of arrows that they looked from a distance like giant pincushions. Then they rode against Grattan and massacred him and all his men.

AFTER it was over, my grandmother went out to find her husband. She found him where he had dropped and pulled the arrows from him and his horse. She came back to her home with her arms full of arrows, keening the squaws' death chant. Outside of her immediate family she never spoke to another Indian as long as she lived.

Leon Pollardy, as Grandfather's former partner, was guardian of the children. He sent some of the older ones away to school. Some of those children Grandmother never saw again.

The Indians were terrified at what they had done. Grandmother's brother, fearing reprisals against all of the Indians, took my mother and fled with her into the wilderness of the Black Hills. Mother was two years old at the time; they kept her there until she was nearly

(Continued on page 55)

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Wild Old Days!

Iron Bull and wife.

LUCKY SOLDIER'S DINNER

By H. M. SHOEBOTHAM

N. H. Rose Collection Photos

PRIVATE James D. Lockwood, a New Yorker stationed at Fort C. F. Smith on the Big Horn River some fifty miles south of the present site of Hardin, thought he was the luckiest soldier at the garrison during the early winter of 1867 when he received an invitation to dinner.

Fort Smith was established near the mouth of the Big Horn Canyon in the fall of 1866, one of three forts built by the United States Army on the Bozeman Trail to protect emigrants en route to the Montana gold fields.

Lockwood regarded himself as extremely fortunate because there was virtually nothing to eat for the 400-odd troopers at the fort. Winter snows had piled high and supply trains from Fort Phil Kearny, which was situated in what is now Wyoming, could not reach the isolated Fort Smith.

Food supplies at Smith had been exhausted and officers and men existed on corn, which had been hauled to the fort to feed the horses and mules. Scurvy broke out among the men as a result of the straight corn diet.

While the soldiers at the fort craved full rations, the lucky Lockwood received his invitation to dinner from Iron Bull, a great chief of the Crows who were camped at Fort Smith, and after obtaining approval of his commanding officer, he accepted the dinner invitation promptly. Like the others, he was starving.

Ready to leave with Iron Bull for the chief's lodge, Lockwood informed his comrades boastfully, "I shall have the extreme felicity of filling myself once more with meat, venison perhaps, but in the absence from the larder of the larger and fatter varieties of game, rabbits would answer and would be very nice, if there were only enough of them."

Bidding a "Hi! Ho!" to his trooper friends, Lockwood tramped through waist-deep snow with Iron Bull and in five minutes reached the chief's teepee. When his eyes became accustomed to the dim light inside, he discovered numerous females squatted about the lodge. They were aged from eleven years to a century.

BEFORE the meal was "served," Iron Bull jammed tobacco into the bowl of his pipe which was shaped like a tomahawk, lighted and smoked, sharing alternate puffs with his guest. It was a rare treat for Lockwood. Tobacco supplies had been exhausted for weeks. The Crows possessed the only tobacco in the whole area because, earlier, they had begged doggedly at the fort for every ounce they could get.

After the chief and his white guest drew their last puffs, Iron Bull ordered that "dinner be served." A large earthen dish on the fire yielded "a savory odor." A squaw picked up a tin can, which had been discarded at the post and scavenged by the Indians, filled it from the big dish and handed Lockwood his dinner. The Indians, however, ate from the big dish. The squaw in charge of this dinner party stepped outside the lodge, returning with her hands full of snow, and dropped it into the dish to cool the food.

Then she scooped up a double handful of mulligan and ate from her hands. The dish moved around the lodge, each person helping himself until the dish was empty.

As each dipped in, Lockwood "tried hard not to notice the great ridges of dirt which were between the fingers of each of the Crow ladies." After he had filled his stomach with gusto and great satisfaction, Lockwood wondered what he had eaten, venison, bear meat, antelope, buffalo?

Turning to Iron Bull, he inquired, "Besha?" He thus asked if he had eaten buffalo.

"Barret," replied the chief, meaning "no."

Top, .45 caliber Colt Bisley Sheriff's Model, #259336. Above, the standard Bisley, right, was made without an ejector assembly and had a four-inch barrel. On the left is a standard model Colt Frontier Army revolver.

"Eetseda carsha?" Lockwood asked, using the word for antelope.

Again the chief replied, "Barret."

Then Iron Bull threw his head back, puffed out his cheeks and told Lockwood what he had eaten. "Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow," barked Iron Bull.

WHEN the thought flashed through his mind that he had eaten dog, Lockwood was overcome by violent nausea. He quickly snatched the tin can from where he had eaten, held it to his mouth and filled it brimful.

When his rebellious stomach subsided, half a dozen of Iron Bull's squaws grabbed him. They regarded anyone who would lose his dinner of choice Indian food as a dangerously ill man. Despite all the resistance Lockwood could muster, the squaws stripped the guest nude and laid him on a bed of furs. They placed his clothing in a remote corner of the lodge.

An old squaw produced a large, hot stone wrapped in buckskin and placed it at his feet while another brought forth a concoction of herbs and forced him to drink it. Lockwood dozed off and slept soundly until morning.

After he awakened, he signaled Iron Bull to bring his clothes and as soon as he dressed, he hustled back to Fort Smith on the double. Lockwood "felt weak and debilitated enough to compare with anyone who had really attended an elaborate wine supper, such as is usually given in bon ton society; it is hardly worthwhile to state than an account of his entertainment was not given to his comrades." After dining out at Iron Bull's invitation, he was happy to resume a meager diet of boiled corn.

SHERIFF'S SPECIAL

BY HERB SHERWOOD

THE rugged Colt single-action Army revolver (or "Frontier" and "Peacemaker" as it is more popularly called), was manufactured in a wide and interesting variety of models. One of the rarer of these types was the Bisley "Sheriff's Model," occasionally called the "Storekeeper's Model."

The standard Bisley is well-known among Western fans but the Sheriff's Model of the Bisley doesn't often turn up. This model was made without an ejector assembly of any type, which together with the four-inch barrel, are its most distinguishing features.

This variation was intended to offer the user an extra-short, compact weapon, lighter in weight than the standard model. Although slow to reload due to lack of an ejector, six shots were considered ample in any emergency.

In addition to popularity among lawmen, this model was a handy item to have under the counter or in a drawer. The Bisley Sheriff's Model shown in the accompanying photograph is a .45 caliber and has the original black hard rubber grips. The finish was originally blue; however, time and wear have removed most of this.

Which sheriff or storekeeper owned this particular gun isn't known. Nevertheless, it is an example of the specialized weapons once available to the men of the Old West.

COMANCHE BUFFALO HUNT

By JESSE JAMES BENTON

Editor's Note: Many of you boys who didn't live in the old days might look over your left eyebrow when it comes to killing a buffalo by riding his back and plunging a knife into him. But there are plenty of records of this. For instance, in that jam-up old-time cowboy book, *Cow By The Tail* (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1943), Jesse James Benton, who lived with the Comanches for some time, gives some eye-witness accounts. These occurred about the year 1881 in the Great Plains country somewhere in the vicinity of present-day Amarillo, Texas. Here they are—in his own words.

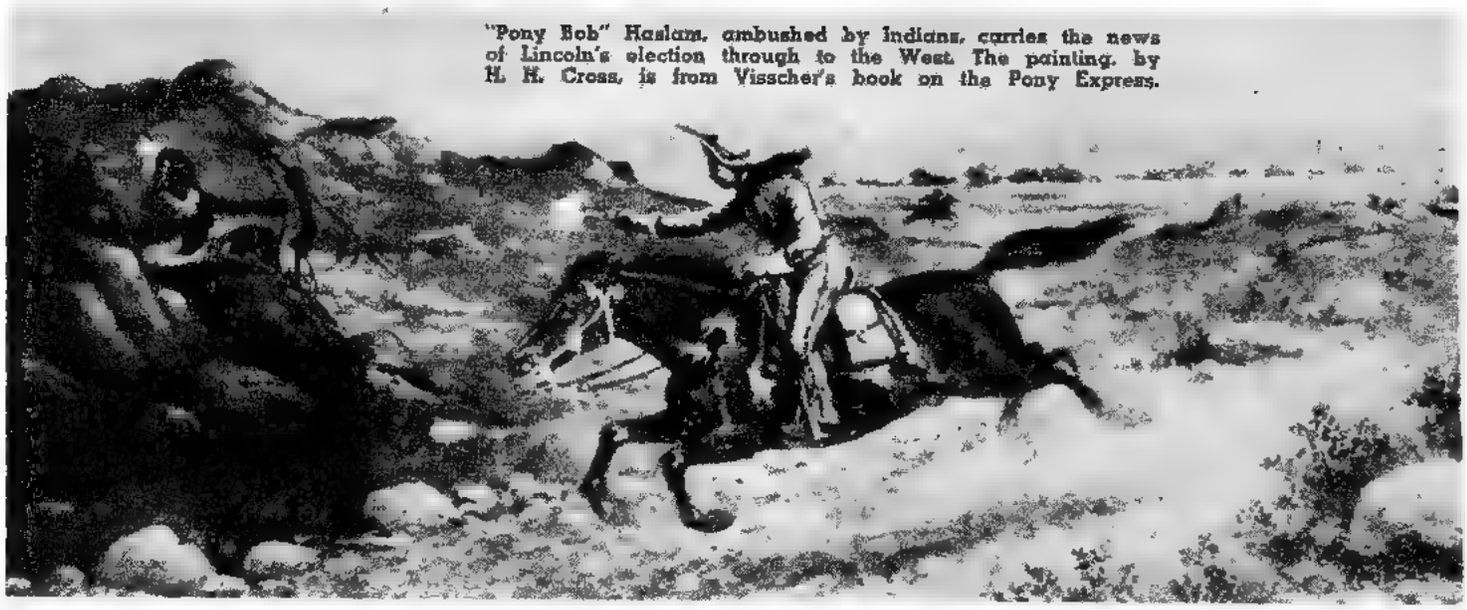
I WENT with the Comanches on a buffalo hunt—200 or more bucks in all and many women and children. We pulled out west, into the flat prairies. The second day we came to a small river. Such a country for wild creatures! Wild mustang horses, antelope and buffalo—wild animals in sight all the time.

For days we had every kind of sport—riding and killing buffalo and roping antelope. We reached a lake where the animals came for water. The Injuns would wait until the buffalo came to the lake, let them fill up heavy on water, then ride to them, two bucks after each buffalo. They were all skilled in this kind of hunt and very fast. Each buck would carry from twenty to fifty arrows in his quiver. They had only a few guns and very little ammunition.

It was worth seeing—200 buck Injuns after a big bunch of buffalo. For miles, as far as you could see, the country was just as level as a house floor. The Comanche bucks would ride alongside a buffalo plunging a spear into his side or flank and shoot him with their arrows. When the buffalo was weakening from loss of blood, one of the two bucks would leap from his horse onto the big brute's back, hold onto the long wool, and stab down with his big knife until the beast fell. They carried this buffalo knife strapped to the leg or between their shoulders. When the brute was down, they stabbed him to the heart. I've seen them begin the skinning before the poor beast was dead. They were very skillful, but also very cruel.

Sometimes while hunting, those Injuns got into the damndest jackpots you ever saw. A buffalo, crippled by some buck riding alongside and spearing him, would go down and then sometimes come alive again, bound up and charge, head lowered. The buck would run, all the other bucks sitting around laughing and not lifting a hand to help. It was the squaws

(Continued on page 50)



"Pony Bob" Haslam, ambushed by Indians, carries the news of Lincoln's election through to the West. The painting, by H. H. Cross, is from Visscher's book on the Pony Express.

Blood on the Pony Express Trail

By RAYMOND W. and MARY L. SETTLE

Photos from the Author
Courtesy
Bancroft Library, University of California,
DENVER POST,
Nevada Department of Highways
and
Charles R. Mabey

ONE OF the hazards the Pony Express riders incurred in central and western Nevada was the hostility of the Paiute Indians, which was first aroused in 1849 by immigrants to California along the Humboldt River. From that time on, there were bloody encounters between them and the white men almost every year. When the Pony Express line was laid out in 1860, it ran through Indian country near Pyramid Lake, where some 6,000 Paiutes under Chief Winnemucca had their home.

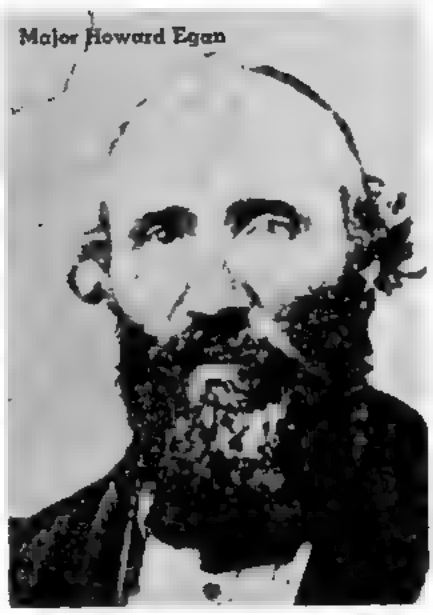
The winter of 1859-1860 was an unusually severe one and the Paiutes suffered intensely. Sickness was prevalent, food was scarce and many children died. So deep was their hatred and distrust of white men that they refused to eat food offered by settlers for fear it was poisoned. To their savage minds their misfortunes were due to the white people's being in their country.

In January, 1860, they killed Dexter S. Deming, a settler on Willow Creek north of Honey Lake (which at that time was thought to be in Nevada). Governor Roop appointed two commissioners to visit Winnemucca, whom they found at Pyramid Lake. When they requested the surrender of the Paiutes who had killed Deming, the chief refused and demanded $16,000 for Honey Lake Valley.

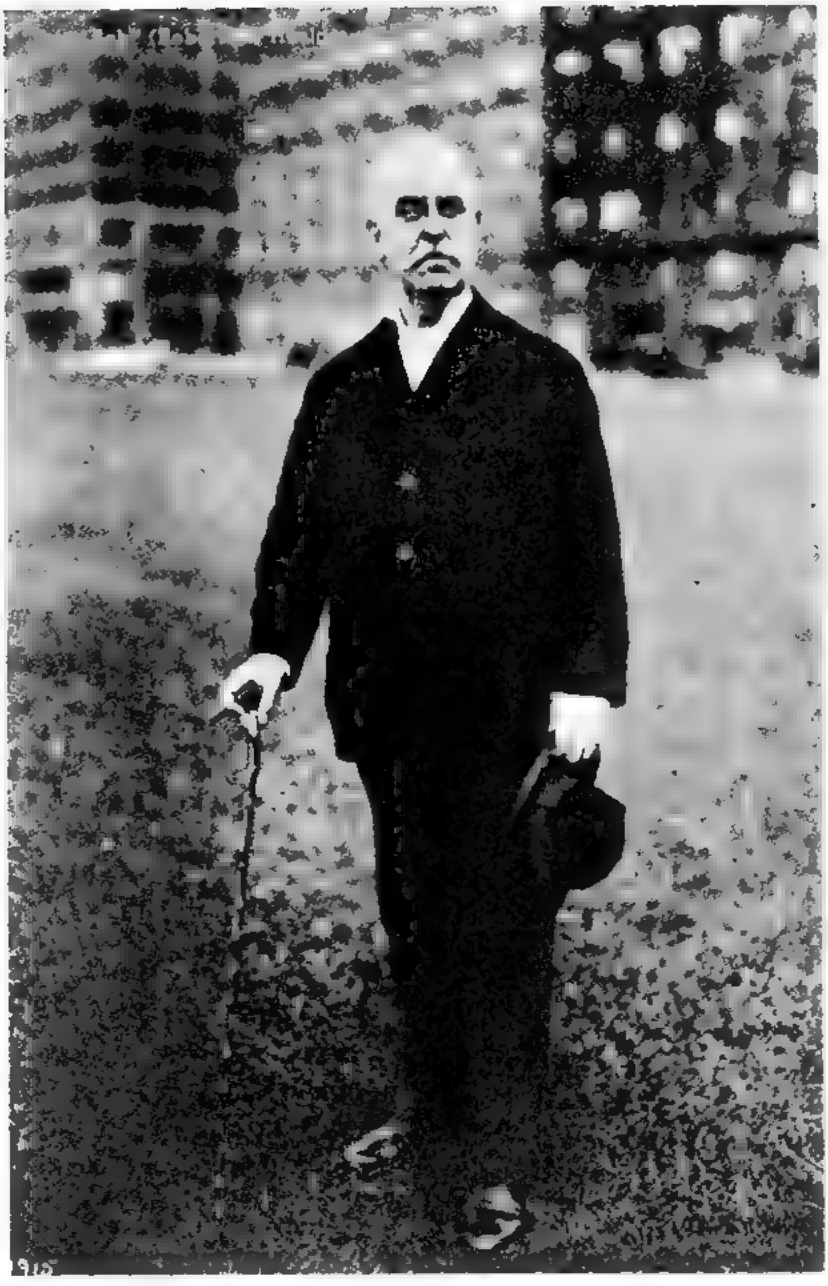
The matter drifted along until the latter part of April, when a council was called

(Continued on page 65)

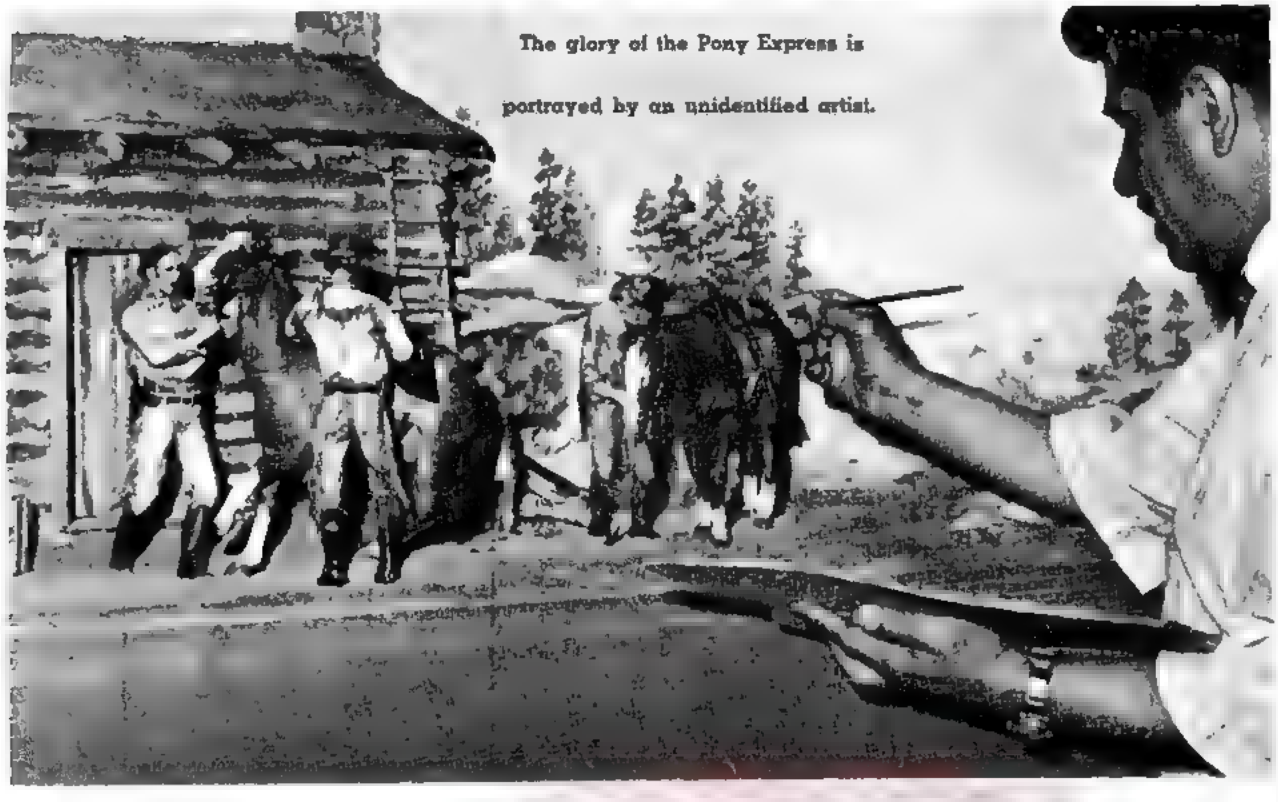
Deer Creek Pony Express station.



Major Howard Egan



Paiutes in revolt and blunders by untrained volunteers panicked the settlers on Nevada's eastern slopes.



The glory of the Pony Express is portrayed by an unidentified artist.

Left, "Young Coyote" Smith, Coyote and lobo wolf on horse. Right, "Coyote" Smith and lobo.

Wolf Drive

By FAY EMORY SMITH

Photos from
Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department
Thelma Gatchell Condit
and Paul's Photos

Winter fog and Wyoming wolves make a bad combination.

THERE IS something about the long drawn-out howl of a wolf when I am alone in camp that makes me listen to hear if an answer will come from far away. Usually it does, and somehow it makes my little camp seem more snug and cozy. I throw more wood on the fire and am glad that I am there. But sometimes the big gray lobos become such a threat to cattle that the sound of them in the darkness is more sinister than comfortable. That's the way it was in southeastern Wyoming in 1909.

The depredations were getting so bad the ranchers and cowboys got together to organize a drive to get rid of them. The loss of cattle was doubly hard on small ranchers like myself, because each steer was an investment we couldn't afford to lose.

We arranged a drive, hoping to kill a few and perhaps chase the majority out of the area. A round-up would have been more effective, circling an area and slaughtering everything we caught inside the circle, but we didn't have enough riders to be able to work it.

The Pole Mountain country between Cheyenne and Laramie is rugged with mountains, canyons and timber and, in November, is cold. Seven of us assembled at the Half-Diamond Four on the first morning of the drive. I took two horses, packing my bed on one and riding the other. Some of the men brought three horses and we had a bed-chuckwagon which one of the men agreed to drive. We only had about a ten-mile ride so we stayed with the wagon and pushed the horses along.

We made camp in a sheltered pocket where water and a lot of easy-to-get firewood was available. Not having a tent, we built two long, slender fires and got in between them; there is nothing more comforting in the winter time. Ever play poker out-of-doors on a winter evening? We did. Our only light was from our fires; our chips were big wooden matches.

An old fellow on a homestead near there let us turn our horses inside his fence. That was a relief for we didn't have to have a rider on night herd, a rugged job at that time of year.

That night the weather fouled. A cloud had come in during the night and it was like being in a fog of ice crystals. But we decided to ride anyway, hoping the weather would clear.

We were poking up a trail when the men in the lead jumped a wolf. I was near the middle of the long string of riders but I dismounted and got off a snap shot that creased the predator across the back. We saw the fur fly but he kept on going. I was the only man who was fast enough to bust a cap and I think it was because of the way I had my .30-30 Winchester carbine slung on the left side of the saddle with the stock to the rear. When I dropped off for a quick shot my right hand was on the stock and as the horse moved away I had the gun.

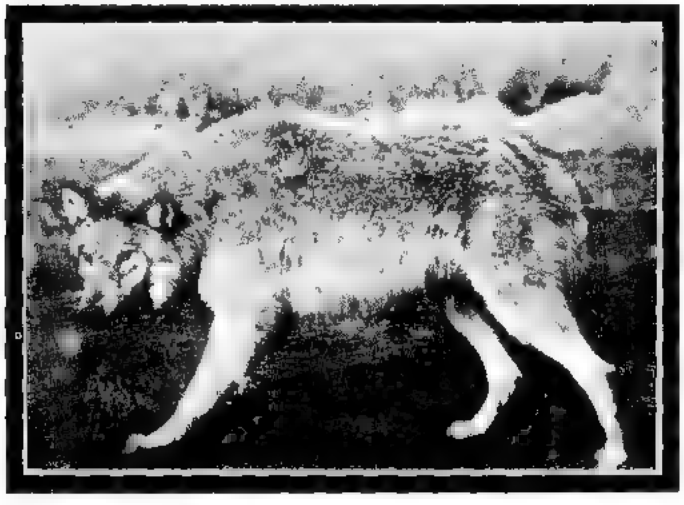
By afternoon the fog still hadn't cleared. We had become separated and I was about half-lost—a little worried, too, for I didn't want to be caught out overnight with only a saddle blanket and no food. I thought of giving my mare her head and letting her decide which way to go but I wondered if she might not head for home instead of camp.

Then I saw something like a break in the fog and headed for it. It was up on a ridge some distance away and a welcome sight—a huge, blazing, pitch pine stump. Some smart cowboy had found this stump (it was maybe four or five feet tall and one or two feet thick). Old pitch wood will burn like a torch so he had hacked a little place with his knife, got a few splinters and fired it. The great heat and dense smoke cut the fog and we all met there.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCED

This lobo will kill no more cattle.

The author and his mare.



Big Gray (Lobo) Wolf of Wyoming

Lobo caught in wolf trap

THE OLD heads figured out which way to go and we reached the homestead cabin close by our camp. We all went in; the house was warm and the old homesteader had a jug. No glasses, no mix, we drank from the gallon jug. No drink served by the finest bar ever tasted better.

The following morning dawned cold and clear. We had chosen one of the men to be foreman for we knew we could accomplish little unless we rode under control and we agreed to take his orders. I was pleased to be placed on the inside of the circle, the easiest ride. If our plan worked, the rider in this position should see more wolves than the other men.

I had a long, almost bare, rimrock ridge to follow and was told to ride slowly so that I might see any wolves kicked out by the other men. The foreman insisted they ride the ridges and little canyons crosswise. The men cried about this as that was hard on men and harder on horses. They did it though, and it paid off —they sure chased wolves my way.

The other riders were about one-fourth-of-a-mile apart and were sweeping in large circles around me. Occasionally I heard a far-off rifle shot. Then I heard a wolf howl, then another and another, all at a distance. Even though the sun was shining and I had a good rifle and a good horse under me, those wolves gave me a lonely feeling. The boys were really getting them stirred up. My mount was alert and nervous, too; her nostrils were quivering, her ears were cocked, and her eyes roved from side to side.

Then I saw a big lobo running across in front of me. The best I could get was a couple of shots from a running horse—a waste of ammunition but we had orders to scare them even if we couldn't hit them. Five more crossed in front of me one at a time but I never did get a decent shot. By this time I was carrying my rifle across my lap instead of in the scabbard. Twice I dropped off on the ground to shoot but I couldn't hit them at such long range.

That made six and it was getting along in the afternoon. Then the seventh appeared and with my horse still fresh I said to myself, "Hell, I'm going to take after him." The trees were so scattered I thought I could keep him in sight. At first the run was downhill; I jumped rocks, downed timber and a small creek, a wild ride, then uphill. Wolves can't run too fast if they have just gorged themselves on a kill and I was gaining on him.

Then I saw in front of him a solid forest of quakers—as we called quaking aspen trees—and he was making for it. I couldn't follow him through them so I dropped off to shoot, maybe 100 yards or more, and he was really running. I rolled him the first shot but it took another to finish him. A fierce looking brute, I figured he was about as long from his nose to the tip of his tail as I was tall. I had to skin him out right then and there; the pelt was beautiful and so was the bounty.

AFTER THAT, the trouble started. My nice, gentle mare wouldn't let me tie the hide on my saddle behind the cantle. I couldn't even get close to her with it. She didn't like the smell of a bloody hide and there I was all alone trying to save $50.00 worth of wolf.

I snubbed her up to a pine tree with the end of my rope; I didn't want to tie her with the reins as she might break them or the bridle. She fought, struck with her forefeet and kicked. I blindfolded her with my neckerchief but that didn't help. As a last resort I tied the other end of the rope around her shoulders, caught her left hind-foot, pulled it up against her shoulder and tied it hard and fast.

(Continued on page 52)

Uncle Sam Sobers

Population: Just us fish.

Coyote hole photo by Don Cliff

NESTLING between the quartz and shale slopes of Shasta Bally Mountain and Mad Mule Peak are the relics of Whiskeytown. Less than a dozen old-timers (and a handful of nuggets) remain to tell the story of this quaint, rollicking old mining camp that found its origin in one of the most amazing strikes ever recorded along the California gold belt.

The original Whiskeytown strike, overshadowed by the more publicized Mother Lode of the Sierra Nevada foothills, was, nevertheless, a fantastic operation. It was a Rube Goldberg layout. The main vein, accompanied by a weird maze of sluices and coyote holes, was located thirty feet up the canyon wall of Whiskey Creek. A rickety squealing wheel, sixty feet in diameter, supplied the water for the miners. The work was exhaustive and brawls were a common occurrence.

On an August day, 1850, a hundred or more miners swung fists and pick handles for possession of a tiny piece of ground abandoned by "Ben, the Boatman." Ben was a fascinating character who had drifted, flat broke, into Whiskeytown from San Francisco's Barbary Coast, borrowed a shovel and started to dig in the shade of a big oak tree. Within an hour, he'd struck what he thought to be just another rock.

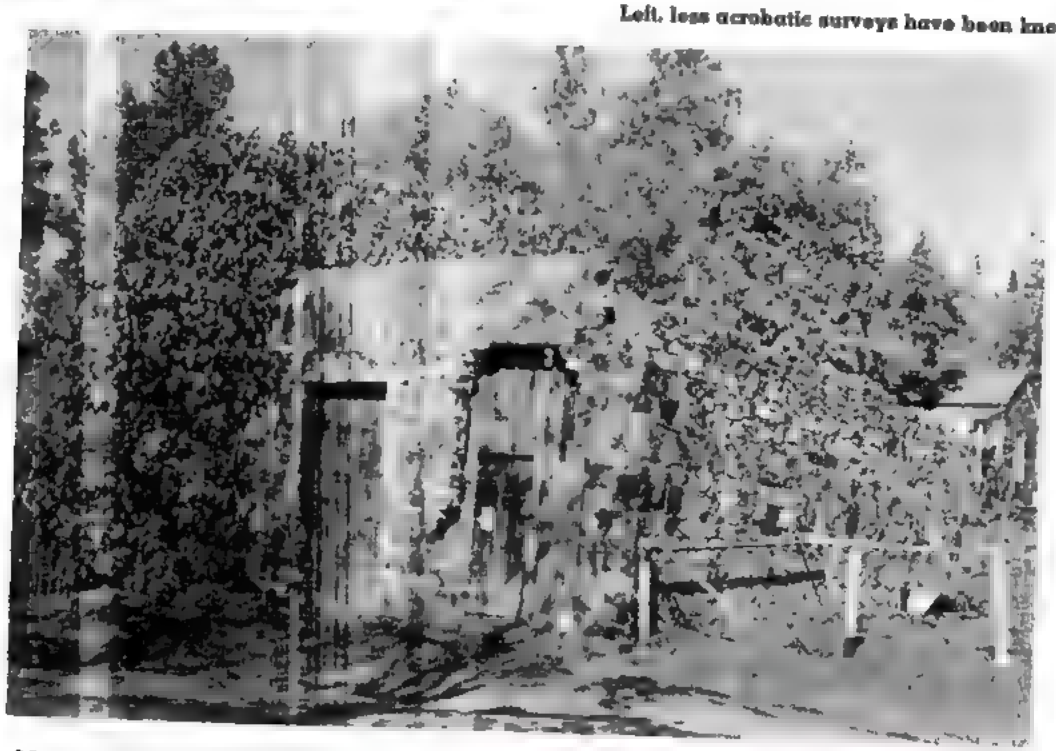
"'Nother piece of ballast," he growled, and bent over to clear the debris. When he came erect, Ben was holding a $1,500 nugget! "Avast, yuh swabs!" he shouted. "I've tapped Ol' Davey Jones' Locker an' I'm shovin' off!" Ben disappeared, oblivious to the riot that followed in his wake.

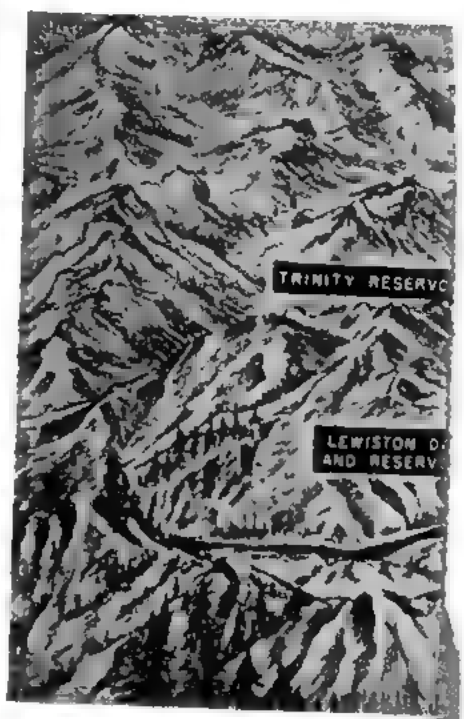
The Whiskeytown miners seemed to find gold everywhere in the triangle of Mad Mule and Mad Ox Gulches, Whiskey and Brandy Creeks, and up the channel of Clear Creek to French Gulch. Along the stream channels can still be seen the crumbled foundations of old wing dams. At the onset, claims produced from $100 to $600 a day.

On Brandy Creek a father and son working together uncovered a ledge of rotten quartz and extracted nuggets ranging in value from $10 00 to $900 00, for an overall estimate of $10,000. Several days later the son unearthed another ledge and within twenty days they had taken out an additional $8,000.

One old-timer is reported to have punched a hole clear through a part of Mad Mule Mountain. He reasoned simply that since coyote holes in the sides and claims along the Mad Mule and Mad Ox Gulches were producing fortunes, the inside of the peak must contain a solid chunk of treasure. He never found the

Left, less acrobatic surveys have been known. Below, left, the old jail.





Whiskeytown

By GENE ELLIS and FRANK KESTER

Elevation: 200 feet (deep).

Map courtesy Bureau of Reclamation

big chunk of gold but, after five back-breaking years, the old-timer did locate a stringer that paid him back the munificent sum of $75.00—less than five ounces.

The miners struck fortune after fortune. The gold was there; placer gold and nuggets lay in the pounding streams like walnuts. Whiskey Creek was the central point and was possibly the richest of the canyon creeks flowing into Clear Creek, the main stream.

"Even today, the boulders in Whiskey Creek have been pecked and sniffed at so much they're so well educated they just roll over all by themselves when they see a young prospector coming along with a pick and gold pan," says Chick Reel, born and raised in Whiskeytown. Chick works his own mining claim during his off-hours as a survey party chief for the Bureau of Reclamation. "Oldtimers used to tell me that in the winter even the snow went $5.00 to the pan," he added facetiously.

ONE OF the most astounding features of the Whiskeytown operations were the coyote holes. Some, no more than three feet in diameter, were dug with handpicks through heavy rock concentrations. Many of these holes were gophered hundreds of feet into the mountainsides and were just plain awesome. There was only room for the miner to lie on his stomach and dig the dirt and rocks into a sack which he shoved in front of him. When the sack was full he had to back his way out with slow agonizing hip-wiggles. One cave-in, one key rock dislodged behind him, meant certain death.

The Forty-niners of Whiskeytown, however, were a happy lot—the durndest group of off-beat, fun-loving free spenders that ever gave birth to a town. And what a town it must have been!

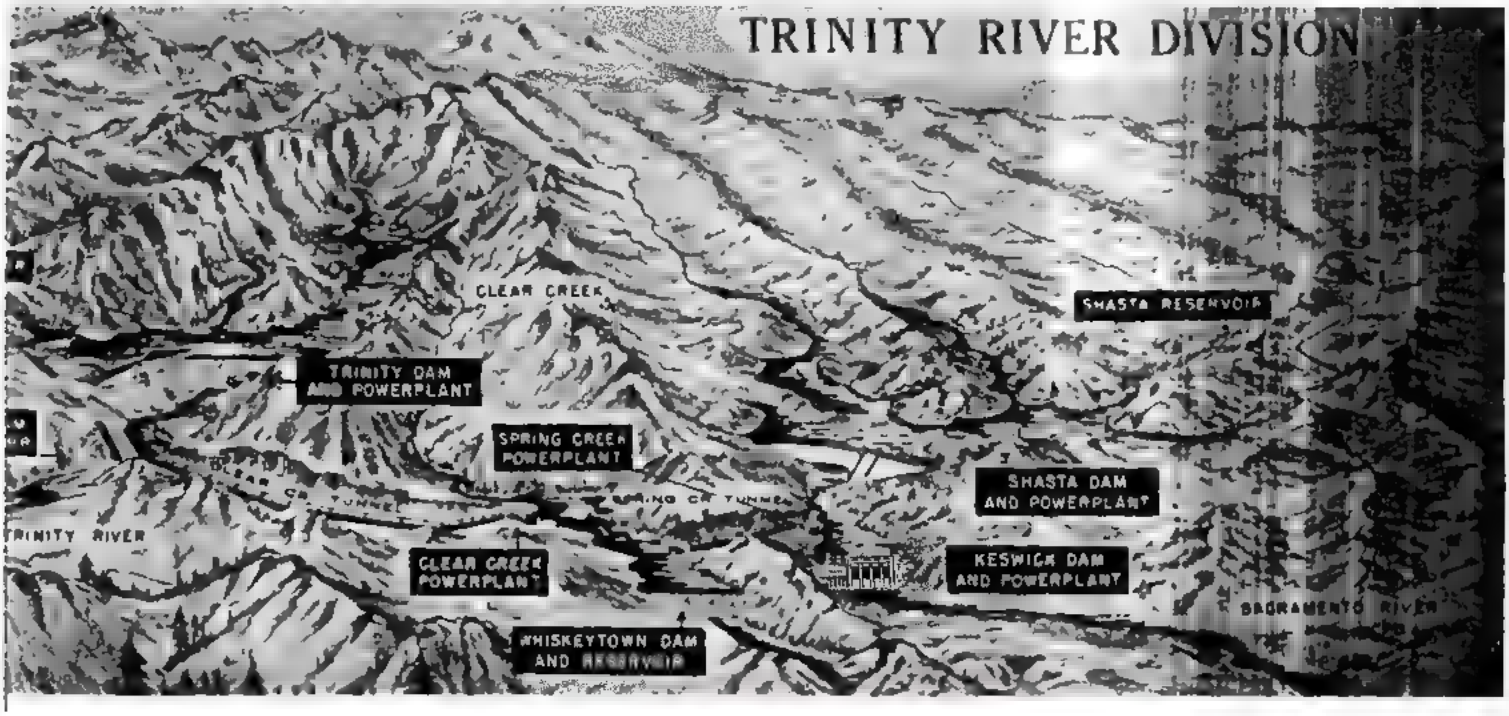
Even the name reflects the eccentricities of this fabulous old mining camp. One derivation, according to legend, centers around a comical old pack mule bound from Old Shasta on a hot summer's day in 1849.

Loaded down with two barrels of precious whiskey, the mule lost her footing on the stair-like trail, and went rump over ears down the canyon wall, landing in the rocky bed of the nameless stream with a resounding crash. Both barrels burst and the precious cargo turned the stream into an impressive, though uncontained, highball.

"Lookit all that whiskey goin' to waste!" yelled miners standing on the creek bank, getting ready for a good cry.

One miner drawn to the scene by the commotion and shouting of the muleteers, stared in dismay at the wreckage. Finally

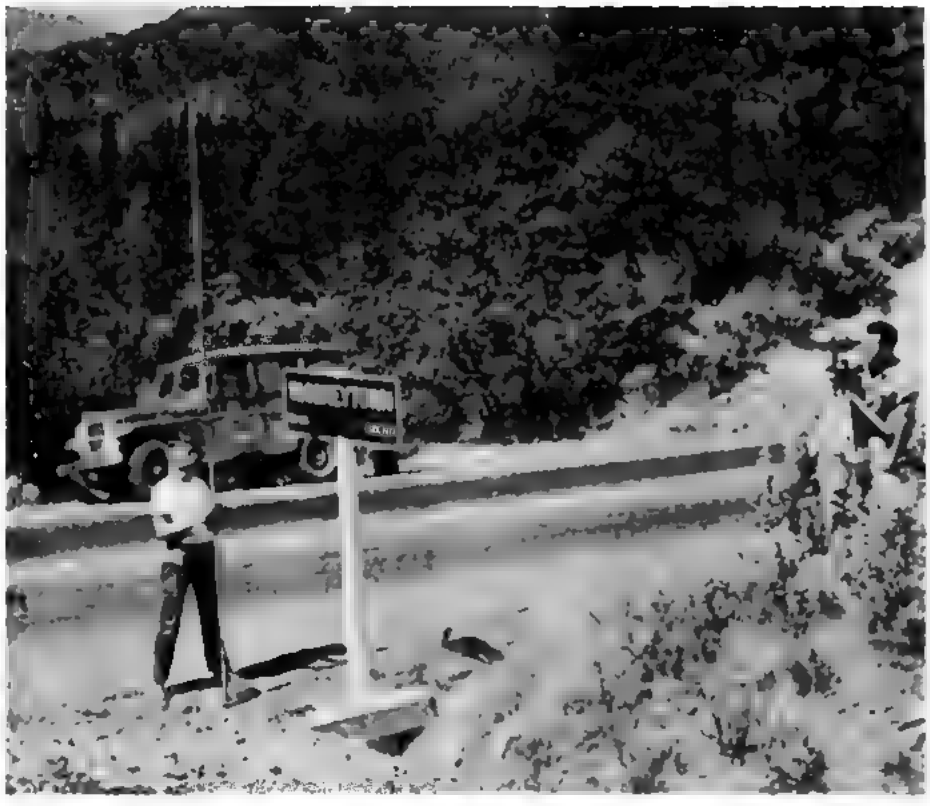
Below, map showing the twenty-mile diversion of the Trinity River into the Sacramento. Right, a Whiskeytown coyote hole.



he scratched his head and declared, "Well th' damned crick's goin' to git christened an' I hereby name ye Whiskey Crick!"

And Whiskey Creek it was. The miners named their nearby campsite Whiskeytown. They affixed the name so firmly that neither the U. S. Postal Department, recession of the gold claims or the passing of its founders could erase it.

Enclosed in its screen of oaks, pines and ailanthus trees, Whiskeytown existed in almost total obscurity even though the main store and post office is located within 100 feet of U. S. Highway 299 W, ten miles west of Redding, California. But strategic Whiskeytown has now become an important link in the future development of California and the final phase of the Trinity River Project.



Bureau of Reclamation employees at the city limits of Whiskeytown, a site that will be beneath 200 feet of water by the end of 1963.

FOUNDED by some 2,000 rock-and-sock young miners, the most bizarre breed of Argonauts who ever sank their picks into the gold seams of California, this secluded old mining camp has been condemned to a watery grave by Uncle Sam's Bureau of Reclamation and will get its knockout blow by a solid deluge of water quenching forever Whiskeytown's fighting spirits (no pun intended).

By a unique network of power dams, hydro-electric plants, reservoirs and tunnels, the Bureau will have diverted the waters of the Trinity River—over twenty miles—into the Sacramento River by way of Whiskeytown Lake by 1963.

This southbound water will be channeled through Clear Creek tunnel which has a diameter of 17.6 feet and length of 10.8 miles. The tunnel will reach from the headwaters of the Trinity River through Buckhorn Mountain to the lake.

When the lake level reaches the 1,210 level, Whiskeytown will be under 200 feet of water. A designated portion of the water will flow through the Spring Creek outlet tunnel, through the Shasta Divide and then empty into Keswick Reservoir on the Sacramento. From there, the diverted waters will roll south to make the Great Central Valley of California a greener place in which to live.

Already Whiskeytowners are moving their homes out of the area. August Herman, proprietor of the store, and his wife, Dorothy, postmistress, express the general feeling.

"Naturally, most of the folks born and raised here don't want to move. Whiskeytown is their home but they realize it must be."

A melancholy experience will soon come to Whiskeytown. North of the old hotel, on a beautiful grassy knoll shaded by several old locust trees, sleep many of the old-time miners and residents. The little graveyard will have to be moved to higher ground.

The Whiskeytown miners sank hundreds of shafts, dredged the stream beds and porphyry dikes. They punched fantastic dwarflike coyote holes in a frantic and sometimes hilarious search for the treasure that Old Mother Nature had so capriciously stowed deep in the earth back in another geologic time. "Come Hell or High Water," nothing ever stopped the rhythmic swing of their searching picks. Their hardships and disasters were many.

We, in our atomic world, poised at the new frontier of outer space, will never know the happiness or wonderful simplicity that made these miners the exuberant lot they were.

According to records, the Whiskeytown miners recovered some $25,000,000 in gold. But beyond this they left a far richer heritage for modern generations. All the gold ever extracted from the deep plunging veins can't touch their final legacy. Their boldness, their unrestrained hell-raising recreations, their miner's courts—laws and respect for fair play—call for the greatest admiration.

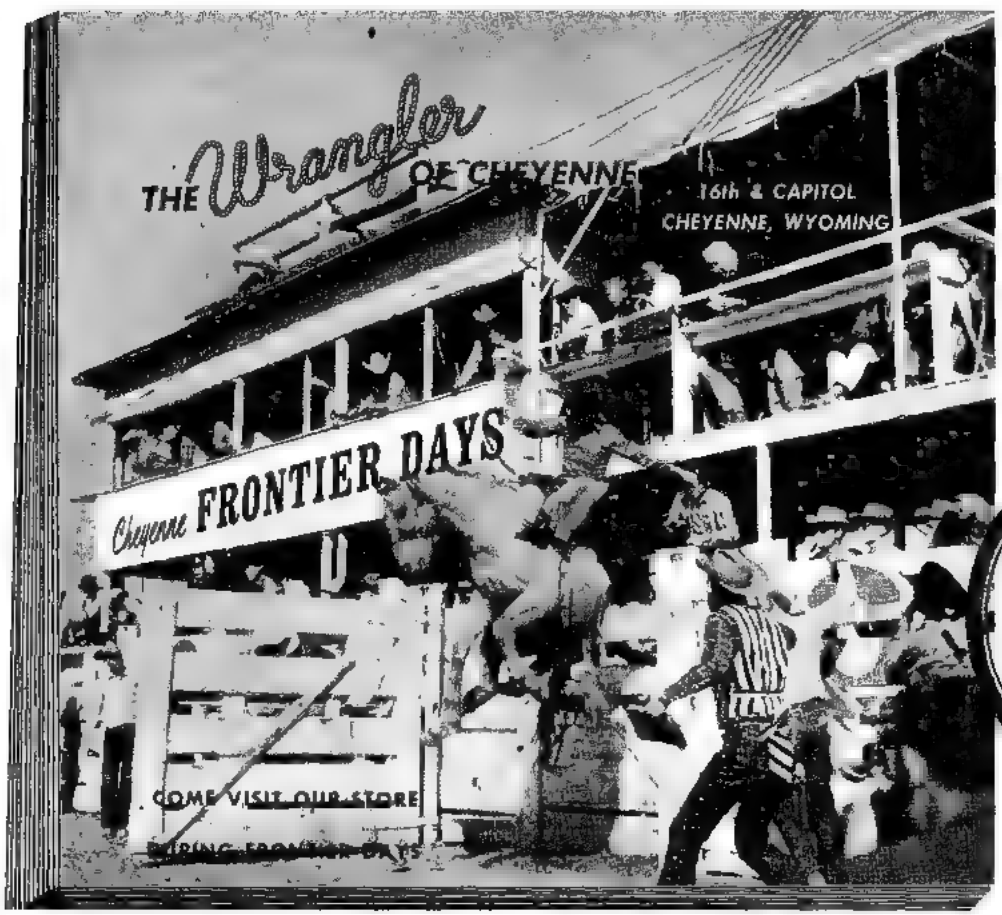
When the quiet waters settle over this remote old mining camp, the requiem of the Argonauts will be whispered by the mountain winds that blow across the surface of the Whiskeytown Lake.

Twin coyote holes, once someone's hope of a lifetime.

FREE

THE NEWEST, MOST BEAUTIFUL CATALOG OF WESTERN WEAR

FROM "THE *Wrangler* OF CHEYENNE"!



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MAIL POSTCARD NOW

WAR

in Wichita County

By FRANK H. RICHEY

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the residence of our editor, when two of them stepped up on the porch and proceeded to dance a clog, and when the editor's wife went to the door they made faces at her and otherwise insulted her. Then (they) got in their wagon and started for home hooting and swearing and a sigh of relief went up from the citizens of our town as the wagon was seen to turn the corner of Main and Ninth.

"Just as the wagon rounded the corner, Frank Jenness (one of Coulter's friends) spied Frank Lilly standing on the bank corner and the team was stopped. Jenness jumped out and asked Lilly if he wanted to fight. Lilly said he did not, and Jenness pulled off his overcoat and said he could whip any s-o-b in Coronado. Rains (William Rains, another member of Coulter's group) next jumped out of the wagon, with revolver in hand, and asked Lilly if he wanted to fight him, and Lilly re-

to the wagon and laid his revolver on the seat and came back, remarking that he would fight him even. Coulter then jumped out and going up to Lilly asked him if he wanted to fight him. Lilly gave a negative reply, and Coulter whipped out his revolver and struck Lilly over the head with it, saying 'You s-o-b, I'll make you fight.'

"As soon as Lilly was struck he started across the street to the Hotel Vendome. Coulter then spied Mr. Nickle standing on the top platform of the stairway leading to the offices over the Wichita County Bank, and pointing his revolver at his head, commanded him to come down. Mr. Nickle did as he was commanded. The next thing Coulter did was to strike Louis Jackson over the head with his revolver. Lou was leaning against an awning post and was an innocent spectator, but that did not matter to Coulter, for he brought the revolver down with such force as to cut a terrible gash in Jackson's scalp.

"Charles Loomis was the next man as-

out to the Coronado Town Company. Mr Loomis was one of the most peaceable citizens of Coronado and told Coulter he had nothing against him, and requested him to leave town like a gentleman. Coulter did not like this kind of talk, and again whipping out his revolver struck at Loomis' head but he jerked his head to one side and escaped the blow. Coulter struck at him again and managed

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Facts? Two editors of rival newspapers printed totally different accounts of the brief and bloody battle in Coronado City, Kansas.

...and Red ... were standing near the bank at the ... As ... put up his gun he remarked that he could easily whip Lilly at ... retaliated by calling him a ... Rains drew his revolver and struck ... the head, mashing his hat but not knocking him down. The ambushed men (from Coronado City) ... a volley of some sixty or seventy-five ... on the unsuspecting crowd. Every man was shot, shot from the back.

The four men on the ground were brought down, and of the three in the ... and ... fell ... After ... from the ... got on their feet and started ... A ... after him, ... taking effect, but he managed to keep on until he reached the ... and they drove into town.

When Coulter and Rains fell they managed to ... their ... with struggle and empty them but unfortunately the shots took but little effect. The men now ran out and commenced shooting at closer range, and after Coulter and Rains were both dead, put the muzzles of their guns against them and fired. On preparing the bodies ... burial, fourteen bullet holes were ... and on recove... attempted to rise and was shot in the leg. Emmet Denning was shot in the back part of the leg, the bullet taking a ... course came out near the knee ... and shattering the bone. ... lay where he fell with fo... t holes in the back part of his ...

"On learning of the murder two men went over in a wagon to bring home the dead and wounded. They found the victims lying in the mud where they fell, their inhuman murderers not have taken the least care for them; they refused to let them be removed. It was not until after nine o'clock and after a number of attempts had been made that they succeeded in removing the bodies of Coulter and Rains, and even later when the wounded were brought over

"Making a virtue of necessity it was finally agreed that arrests be made ... fourteen parties, charged with being implicated in the crime, were taken in charge by Sheriff Edwards.

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Illustrated by Joe Grandoe

By LEVI ANKENY

Oregon Historical Society Photos
Table Rock Photo from
Oregon State Highway Travel Division

Nesmith didn't have time to be impressed with the beauty of Rogue River Valley and Table Rock. He had a date with Chief Jo —— and possibly death — on the crest of the dangerous peak.

Treaty on the Rock

GENERAL JOSEPH LANE was brave, but some of his companions thought he was naive when he dealt with Indians.

With a party of regular and volunteer army officers and a few civil representatives of the American Government, he drew up at the foot of Table Rock, a 2,000-foot high promontory in the Rogue River Valley of southern Oregon. Despite the protests of his assistants and advisors, he proposed to lead a small group of men to the top of the plateau for a September 10, 1853, parley with Chief Jo of the Rogue River tribe.

For three years, Lane had been having trouble with the Indians. Gold had been discovered in the valley three years before, and the hordes of miners and their camp-followers had interrupted the bucolic life of the Rogue River and Shasta tribes. A treaty had been signed between the whites and Indians in 1852, but the following year was unusually dry and game and grass were scarce. The Indians resented the whites, and after some minor incidents, revolted.

Despite a victory earlier that summer (thanks to the use of a howitzer and grapeshot), Lane realized that the Indians were getting stronger and that there was a strong possibility the uprising would spread to eastern Oregon and then throughout the entire Northwest. He had made a treaty with them before and intended to again—this time one that would be kept.

"We will go to the parley unarmed," Lane told his group. "That will show we have faith and are unafraid to walk among them without weapons. Should we be successful, other tribes will know us as brave men and will not wish to make war."

Samuel Culver, the Indian Agent, was dubious, but Lane insisted. He was only waiting for the arrival of James Nesmith, a veteran Indian fighter, guide, trapper and prospector who had recently become a lawyer and farmer and who reputedly had high political ambitions.

Nesmith knew Chief Jo and spoke not only the Rogue River dialect but Chinook and Shasta as well. In addition, he had a reputation for bravery and could match the Indians in cunning.

Upon arriving, Nesmith greeted the members of the group heartily and, without regard for rank, hailed the general. "Well, looks like trouble up there," he said, motioning toward the assemblage of approximately 700 Indians atop Table Rock. "I brought a persuader along." He pointed to a new model howitzer which was being driven up to the group by a team of mules. "This will blast them right off that rock."

"That was thoughtful, Nez," Lane said quietly, "but I've arranged to go up there to parley—unarmed."

Nesmith protested vociferously but Lane was adamant. "We are going up there to *peacefully* arrange a treaty," he explained. "There will be eleven of us, including you."

"Take my name off. I am not going!"

General Lane turned stiffly away. "Then there will be only ten of us, gentlemen. Lay all your weapons on this blanket in plain sight. Mr. Palmer will act as interpreter."

Nesmith stood dumbly by. The general's manner had chastened him more than a hard word or a blow. "Hold on now, General. Are you saying I'm afraid?"

"That's my guess."

"All right, all right, count me in. I've had a pretty good life so far. I'd just as soon get scalped now as anytime."

As the eleven men trudged up the steep incline, the troops below positioned themselves to storm the mountain in case the Indians would not agree to terms.

"Scatter out as you get up," Nesmith instructed the advancing detail. "And remember while most of these varmints can't speak English, they can read faces. Stay scattered and mingle with the Indians. There is less chance of their shooting if they're in danger of hitting their own."

THE COUNCIL circle was ready. General Lane went directly to the log arranged for him and quickly settled himself, assuming a cold, frozen countenance. Chief Jo faced him from about fifteen feet away. The white men lined up behind their leader, then scattered as the Indians began to surround the circle. Soon the parley was underway.

Nesmith walked boldly to Chief Jo. "How are you, Chief Jo?" His greeting was light, friendly and in Chinook.

"Fine, Nez," Chief Jo replied in English.

First, gifts were placed at the chief's disposal and time was taken to finger the treasures. Then the Indian presented gifts (including cooked foods) for the soldiers' meal. The meeting was going to last a long time.

James Willis Nesmith

Joseph Lane

LICENSED TO UNT
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nesmith remained by Chief Jo who spoke in Rogue to Nesmith, who translated into English for General Lane. Nesmith also listened to the warriors in the background. He heard mostly the Rogue tongue, but also some Modoc, Shasta, Klamath and even Nez Percé spoken, which meant that there were observers attending from far away.

General Lane began with a long speech. "Your people broke our treaty of a year ago. Now we come to you unarmed, unafraid and demand that you make a treaty that will last. Just trust us."

Nesmith interpreted and listened with a straight face while the sub-chief talked to Chief Jo. The translation was exact in every detail.

"You say we break your laws," Chief Jo answered, "and now we must be penned like horses on what you call a reservation. Maybe you are wise, maybe you are right. But that I doubt."

replied, "I will certainly reprimand him. I promised there would be no hostile acts until this was over."

"We're going to be full of arrows in about ten seconds," Nesmith barked. "Disperse, men! General, can you make a long speech?"

Lane rose from the log and looked around him. His speech was delivered calmly, without a flicker of emotion. "Nesmith, tell them that I will punish Owens and I will recompense for Jim Taylor in shirts and blankets. Tell him we came in good faith, unarmed, and that I do not believe that the Rogues are cowards. They can kill us, but if they do, their race will perish."

Nesmith did as directed. He placed his hand on his jacket and spoke directly to the leaders. As the Indian spokesman replied, Nesmith muttered something to Chief Jo in Rogue, then in Shasta.

the foot of the trail?"

"I did, General."

"Our agreement would have been broken if you had not. I noticed you said something to Chief Jo and at the same time reached into your shirt."

"Oh," Nesmith grinned, "I meant to show you this. Here is a picture of my wife and my two oldest. The boy is named after you!" He removed a small frame picture from his shirt. "There was no knife nor gun on me."

"What did you say to the chief?"

"The usual translation."

"Yes, I know," the general was insistent, "but when that Indian was delivering my message you put your hand in your shirt and spoke. He spoke back."

"Oh, that. I'm sorry, General, I'm not going to tell you. It had nothing to do with the treaty. It was just a remark Chief Jo understood."

General Lane pondered the answer. Al-

Table Rock

Nesmith translated the speech, watching the Chief as he did. A faint flicker in the Indian's expression told Nesmith that the chief knew his speech had been presented correctly.

General Lane spoke. When he had first seated himself on the log, he had appeared diminutive, but as he talked he grew in stature. His bearing brought murmurs of approval from the watchful Indians.

Morning passed and the parley dragged on. By mid-afternoon General Lane had submitted his terms. Chief Jo requested amendments. More powwows followed until both sides seemed to be in accord.

Suddenly the Indian ranks opened and a nearly naked messenger dashed through and fell before Chief Jo. The Indians listened, then lifted their guns and bows. Nesmith looked about him and grinned broadly, then glanced at his companions.

"What is it, Nez?" the general asked quietly.

Nesmith told him a trader by the name of Owens had killed a renegade Rogue known as Jim Taylor. Owens had caught the Indian stealing. The Indians now were claiming that act broke the powwow.

"I know Owens," General Lane wearily

For a moment Chief Jo and Nesmith stared at each other. Indians and white alike watched the two men with fascination. The usual clamor died down and only birds and small animals could be heard. Then even they became silent.

Chief Jo finally glanced at his lieutenants and then at General Lane, who returned the look with indifference. Then again his eyes returned to Nesmith, who was grinning wolfishly. As Jo raised his hand slowly, Nesmith placed his own within his shirt. Chief Jo's hand came down, palm outward. He spoke slowly, "The white chief has promised to pay for Jim Taylor. He never lies. Now the treaty—"

THE TREATY was signed as the sun began to set. Slowly Lane and his party filed down the path. General Lane bowed stiffly to Chief Jo before leaving and Nesmith, who followed, patted his breast pocket and smiled before stepping out of sight over the rim of the plateau.

General Lane and Nesmith rode back together. The general had something on his mind. He came to the point when they were out of earshot of the others. "Nez, did you leave all your weapons at

though he was never to know exactly what Nesmith had told the Rogue River chief, he probably guessed the veteran scout had snarled, "Jo, you may signal your men to kill us all, but I will kill you! Lower your hand and let us go in peace."

The meeting at Table Rock proved fruitless. Within a year the country was again aflame with war. Peace actually was not realized until 1880.

General Joseph Lane ran for vice-president of the United States on the Democratic ticket in 1860 and was beaten. He was later accused of being a Southern sympathizer and retired in disgrace after the Civil War to live near Yoncalla, Oregon.

Nesmith, ambitious and daring to the last, became United States senator and served with distinction during the Civil War.

Years later someone asked him how he felt while on Table Rock. "Scared," he truthfully answered, "and I had a right to be. It was a foolhardy thing."

He kept his secret about Chief Jo for years—only telling the conversation to his immediate family a year before his death in 1885.

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Glass got off a snap shot that struck the animal in the shoulder and maddened it still further. He dropped his rifle and drew his knife.

Alone and Left To Die!

By E. GORTON COVINGTON

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoleteno

Beside him was a freshly dug grave; his horse and weapons were gone. With desperate determination, Hugh Glass began to crawl back toward Fort Kiowa, intent on revenge on those who had left him behind.

Editor's Note: Hugh Glass' adventure stands out as one of the most determined efforts at self-preservation ever undertaken by a mountain man. It is impossible to determine—since Glass did not put his story into writing and was alone through most of the experience—all the details of his adventure. This version is one of the most logical we've run across.

AS THE huge grizzly disappeared into a thicket of bullberry bushes along the meager watercourse, the bearded hunter took time to study the horizon before he tethered his horse. Then he went after the bear on foot. It was 1823 and he was in hostile Indian country near the upper fork of the Grand River in the eroded and arid reaches of the Dakota badlands.

As the hunter for the Ashley-Henry expedition, he was then a day's ride ahead of a party of about 100 men pushing toward the juncture of the Big Horn and Yellowstone Rivers, where Major Henry planned to construct a fort and spend the winter. The hunter was alone because that morning Major Henry had issued the order:

(Continued on page 70)

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One Came Back

(Continued from page 27)

a great deal but enough for his needs.

Few white men came his way, but his blood-brother Chief Hoskaninny heard of his presence and came to see him at least once a year. The old friends talked —and argued. The chief still shook his head when the Pishlaki Mine was mentioned. "The council will not change its mind," he said. "My brother, you must learn to put this thing out of your heart."

Old dreams die hard in men like Cass Hite. A few years later he moved several miles downstream to the mouth of another creek, which gave him a more ample water supply for his trees and gardens. He named it "Tickaboo"—Ute for "friendly." He never referred to himself, in these final years, by any other title save that of Hosteen Pishlaki of Tickaboo.

The seasons slid by so fast the Lord of Tickaboo almost lost count. Each spring he would tell himself, "Next year I will go to the mountains near the valley and find the Pishlaki. It is still there waiting for me."

THE GOLD in the river finally conspired against Hite's peaceful existence. A huge $100,000 dredge was carted over almost impassable desert at a cost of another $100,000 to make the sands give up their yellow treasure. Soon there were more strangers about than a disturbed native could toss sidewinders at. Even Hite's abandoned first cabin became a post office and general headquarters for the mining syndicate. In a year the operation proved a failure; the titanic dredge was discarded and the strangers vanished as swiftly as they had appeared. This same year Chief Hoskaninny died in Monument Valley and made no more pilgrimages to the meadow by the river.

Only a pair of convivial, time-wasting old prospectors stayed on. Lon Turner lived four miles downstream from Hite, Bert Loper a hoot-and-a-hop below Turner. Occasionally they would bring up a jug and spend a long weekend with Hosteen Pishlaki of Tickaboo. Turner always brought his fiddle along—the river must have enjoyed a spate of mad music just about the time the jug grew empty.

On February 22, 1914, Lon Turner came up to chat with his old friend. He opened the cabin door when his knock wasn't answered. Cass Hite sat by his table, his scribbled-in journal under his arm, his white thatch bent as if in sleep. But it was the kind of sleep that would never heed the coming spring. The last entry in his journal was dated February 15.

Lon Turner and Bert Loper buried Hosteen Pishlaki of Tickaboo in his garden near the cabin. He had walked a long trail. He was the only white man to enter the Navajo stronghold of Monument Valley in the wild days and live to leave it. But he had never stood upon the Pishlaki outcropping or swung his pick to bite at the richness of its silver ore.

So the incredibly tempting vein of the lost Pishlaki Mine still lies waiting. Hundreds of Navajos still live in Monument Valley and its vicinity, herding flocks of sheep and goats near small springs and waterfalls. They are direct descendants of the "Irreconcilables" who never surrendered.

The seekers of the 1960's will need guts and gadgets and the know-how for desert daring. They must be willing to walk tough and talk softly in a desolate land where geological evidence decries the possibility of silver treasure and where, even today, the Navajos of Monument Valley have no knowledge of the treasure's location.

Or so they claim.

"Foreman of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

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Wyoming Travel Commission Photo

By ED WRIGHT

as told to

BOB HILTUNEN

Mix together

an old-timer or two,

some animals,

and a chunk of free time,

and chances are

you'll come up with . . .

DOGS, BEARS AND LIES!

IN THE early days Wyoming was full of wolves, coyotes, mountain lions and bears, and they took their toll of livestock. I believe the Governor was the first man to start hunting them with hounds. He had one big old foxhound that could whip his weight in wildcats. His name was Bishop. I don't know why he had a name like that—he was so full of hate. No dog could have had more of the devil in him than that dog.

They had to keep him tied up a lot and he sure disliked that pen. I don't know how he did it, but he would always break out of it some way. When he got loose, he was mean. He had a liking for raw meat and didn't give a darn whose meat it was. He would kill a calf or ham-string a horse just like a grey wolf. Boy, that dog could run! I wasn't afraid of dogs as a rule, but I gave old Bishop plenty of room.

The Governor had a trapper named Paul who worked for him the year round. He was a very good trapper. Paul wasn't very popular socially, however, for he had a kind of wild animal smell about him. You could smell him approaching with the wind, just like wild game can smell a hunter. I don't know what made old Bishop get it in for Paul but his hair would stand up like a razorback hog's whenever he caught sight of him.

One day old Bishep chewed his way out of his pen. When we finally caught him we tied him to the end of a chain. That evening Bishop spotted Paul coming through the meadow with a bear hide across his shoulders. Bishop started snarling and hitting the end of the chain. Finally he slipped his collar and took off across the meadow. That dog was growling, howling, barking and running all at the same time. He was in high gear, heading for that trapper as straight as an Indian ever went to water.

When he got a whiff of that bear hide he put on all four brakes and stood there growling and looking. Paul kept on coming. The dog would stand his ground until old Paul would get near him, then he would run backwards. He wasn't quite scared enough to run and didn't have guts enough to make a fight.

Finally Paul stooped over and threw that bear hide over his back, started grunting, and ran straight at Bishop. The dog couldn't take any more of it. He howled a ki-yi! and headed for the house with Paul right after him. That dog came around the corner of the bunkhouse a mile a minute, pulled up, and looked back to see what was chasing him. Paul still had that bear hide over him and he started jumping up and down.

You never heard such a commotion in all your life! Old Bishop headed for the dog pen and made a bigger hole go-

(Continued on page 54)

Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 31)

who would ride in and guard the buffalo off while the buck climbed back on his horse for another try.

The Injun always saved the paunch or stomach of every buffalo and antelope and made them into water bags. They were tough and durable and could be cleaned. An antelope paunch would hold a gallon or so, while a big buffalo's stomach would hold upward of five gallons. Sometimes the Injuns would fill these paunches at a spring and drag them behind a horse for some distance, so you know they were tough—as good as any jug and much easier to pack by horse. At first, the water might be a little green, but it tasted just fine later on.

Every night, while we were on the hunt, we would have a big barbecue. Four or five hundred Injuns will devour lots of meat, believe me, and they sure liked their wild meat and the sport of getting it.

Don't tell me an Injun doesn't know the best way of cooking wild game. They'd dig a hole in the ground, pile in wood and rock, set fire to the wood to get the rocks and the pit very hot, wrap the meat in a piece of green buffalo hide, lay it down in the hole, pile the hot rocks on top and cover it all up well with not dirt and ashes. After cooking all night, the meat would melt in your mouth.

First thing when they made camp, the Injuns would dig a big barbecue pit, eight or ten bucks and squaws working with their knives and fingernails. If wood wasn't handy, they would use buffalo chips to get the stones and pit hot. The prairie was covered with buffalo chips.

On the march, when they didn't have time to dig the pit, they would broil meat on sticks over the fire or they would heat stones and fry the meat on top of the stones. Or they might put the meat right into the hot coals. On the reservation they had flour and corn meal, but on the hunt they ate nothing but meat—without salt—and they seemed to thrive on it, stay strong and active. On the whole hunt I didn't see a one of them sick and I never felt better in my life!

(The following concerns an Indian girl whom Benton almost married.)

One day, while on the hunt, Taloa surprised me by saying she was going to ride a buffalo. I tried to keep her from doing it, but she said she had done it twice the year before and never got hurt. So we started out next morning with some of the bucks and before long we spotted a lone bull, a young one but nearly full grown.

"You watch," Taloa said. And away she flew bareback on her pretty paint horse. That was a sight! Me and about thirty Injuns rode on each side of her, tearing along like mad. It was a thrilling sight to watch her leap from her big paint onto that hairy buffalo's back. It would of made your hair stand up to hear the Injuns yell and whoop when she made the leap and rode straddle the critter. There was my best gal on the back of a buffalo going top speed and the bucks whooping. I kept in close to fire at the big brute if anything went wrong. Say, boys, talk about big game hunting and thrills!

My gal rode him and rode him about a mile before she cut him down with her big stabbing knife. (Some accounts say the Indians cut into the kidneys, some the heart.) When I saw that knife flash, I was glad I was not that buffalo and decided then and there not to get my gal mad at me. I've been a cowboy for over sixty years and had plenty of wild adventures, but in all my experiences in the early West that was the most thrilling.

Men today don't know what real hunting is. They will walk twenty miles in rough country, kill a poor deer and drink a gallon of whiskey and say, "We sure had a fine hunt."

THE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA

By J. QUINN THORNTON

Editor's Note: The author, one of the West Coast's most famous early pioneers, visited California shortly before the beginning of the gold rush and included the following account about the natives there in his book, *Oregon and California*, published in 1849.

THE Indians of California are generally of small stature, robust appearance and not well-formed. They wear their hair short and it is usually thicker than that of the savages living north of them. They also wear whiskers. The women wear the *maro* and the men go naked. Tattooing is practiced upon the breast to some extent. In some instances their ears are bored and pieces of bone or wood worn in the openings.

Their arms are the same as those used by the northern tribes, the bows and arrows about three feet in length and made of yew and encased with sinew. The arrows are pointed with flint—as are also their spears, which are very short. They do not use the tomahawk or scalping knife.

An Indian village, or *rancheria*, usually contains only about five or six wigwams. These huts are constructed by first digging a round hole in the ground, from ten to twenty feet in width and three to four feet in depth; over this are placed sticks, worked together; these are covered with grass and reeds; the whole being then overlaid with earth. There is only one entrance to the hut and this is so small as to make it necessary to creep in order to get admittance. The opening at the top serves as the chimney.

The roofs are strong enough to sustain the weight of two or three men and usually the savages sit upon them. Their *tamascals*, or sweat-houses, are built in the same manner with the exception that they are larger and have several entrances. From the great quantity of mussel-shells and acorns that lie around their huts, it would appear that these are their principal food. The huts are shaded by erecting large branches of trees near them. Their furniture consists principally of waterproof baskets and rush mats.

In the days of the missions the Indians were, either by persuasion, force or presents, brought into the fold. The understanding, or rather the rule, was that they should become Christians, and for such a valuable blessing they were required to give in exchange ten years of labor. At the expiration of the ten years of service they were to receive their liberty, together with a few head of cattle and a small piece of land, that they might follow agricultural pursuits.

But these were only given when they could give bonds for their good conduct. It did not often occur that security could be given and the savages, habituated from so long a service to the labor of the missions, generally remained at their old employments. Their duties were varied. Some worked upon the farm; others took care of the stock; some learned and worked at mechanical employments; others were hired out to the service of the whites.

Punishment was administered for bad behavior and rewards were given to those who behaved well. They were prompted, on account of the inducements offered, to bring into the missions those who would become proselytes. Each of the missions constituted a distinct community and had its own officers.

Under the government of the Spanish padres, the missions appeared to be conducted under regulations which, considering the pecuniary interests of the priests, were good. But, in 1835, the Supreme Government issued orders annulling the jurisdiction of the priests and giving them only their religious powers, with a small compensation, at the same time sending to every mission its administrators.

The corruption and wickedness that manifested itself made the hitherto profitable labor of the Indians entirely profitless to the priests, while it increased the riches of the administrators. And a short time wrought such a change that the missions were not able to support even their proselytes; the revolution that occurred in 1836 increased the evils of these establishments by turning loose thousands of disciples who were compelled to procure subsistence in the best manner they could.

THE GOVERNMENT claimed entire possession of the property and did not heed the claims of the Indians. Many of the latter have allied themselves with the wild savages and, smarting under a sense of injustice and wrong, they use the experience they obtained at the missions for destroying the peace, comfort and even lives, of the white inhabitants.

Retaliation was, of course, adopted by the whites. The most cruel measures were taken by both sides to avenge their wrongs. The inhabitants, when aroused, pursue the Indians with the greatest eagerness and have, at such a time, no regard for sex or condition, the innocent or the guilty.

Under such circumstances, the Indians and whites lived in a belligerent state. The savages stole the horses of the whites, sometimes with the utmost boldness. The Californians, on the other hand, treated them like brutes and the savages forfeited their lives when caught stealing. Indeed they were shot down when not violating the laws or disturbing the peace of the country as pests to society and enemies to the general welfare of the government.

Their great antipathy is against the Spaniards. The character of these Indians is not fierce. The wrongs, which they endured under the rule of wicked priests, unprincipled administrators and a corrupt government, have exasperated their feelings. It is said that they are friendly to other citizens than the Mexican-Californians. The knowledge they have obtained from their connection with the missions would, doubtless, enable them, in a well-directed effort, if it were not for the Americans and English, to drive the Mexican-Californians from the country, or, at least, to confine them to their towns.

The largest number of Indians reside in the Sacramento Valley. The present population is from eight to nine thousand. The smallpox has been very fatal to the various tribes, and at present they are only about half as numerous as before the ravages of this disease.

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"The minister, trying desperately to imitate a bullfighter, caught his heel and sat down flat just as Salome went over him, sailing through the air like a steeplechaser."

WHEN SHE DANCED

By W. C. TUTTLE

Illustrated by Jack Davis

IN 1901 I was employed, along with two other rangers, my father and a man named Wilkerson, at a ranger station in Alta, Montana, in the newly-formed National Forest Reserve. Our headquarters was a small log cabin about 200 yards from the Alta stage station, the only two-story log structure in that part of the country. A retired minister and his family were operating the station, a stopping place between civilization seventy miles away and the placer mines of Hughes Creek.

Outside our cabin, beside the front door, was our washstand, big enough to accommodate a washbasin and a bar of soap. On a nail hung a usually-soiled towel. Our soap was not of the sissy variety. The huge yellow bars are guaranteed to remove anything, including fingernails and freckles. They were two for a nickel, which, in those days, put them in the luxury class.

One summer our soap began disappearing. Day after day, the soap would be gone, and not a clue as to who was stealing it. (None of us were so darn clean that we'd steal soap.)

One day, when it was my turn to stay at the cabin, I was doing a little cooking, and saw a cow walk past the open doorway, stopping with only her rump visible. Funny deal, I thought. I knew that cow well. She was one of the minister's four milch cows, the one named Salome. (The others were Cleopatra, Sheba, and Helen of Troy.)

Being of a curious nature, I tiptoed to the doorway. Salome was eating that whole bar of soap, her jaws frothing like a hydrophobic wolf as she munched that delicate morsel. I didn't even chide her. Finally, apparently satisfied, she headed for the stable. I sat down and cogitated. My eyes strayed to a little shelf by the

Loaded dice and loaded cigarettes are common. But it took a real clever forest ranger to devise the loaded bar of soap that wrought chaos from the hoofs of a parson's cow.

window and a great idea was born.

On that shelf was a bottle, labeled "Japanese Oil." I don't remember who manufactured it, but I have often wondered how they kept it in a bottle. A doctor once told me, "You swallow a teaspoonful in a glass of water and it'll cure anything you can possibly have. Not only that, but you'll never catch anything again, including your breath."

The next morning I took a new bar of soap, cut it in two, hollowed out one half, and loaded it with Japanese Oil. Then I stuck the pieces back together and placed the bar on the washstand. A few minutes before the stage came in at two o'clock, Salome showed up at the washstand as before. Looking past her, I saw the stage pull in at the station. The driver swung the team around to the right, stopped, and the passengers started to descend.

AT THE same time, I noticed that Salome's tail was lifting, slowly, until it finally pointed straight up, as rigid and upright as a radio antenna. She seemed to sort of fold up like an accordian, her hips almost up to her shoulders. Then she lunged forward like a quarter horse out of a starting gate, straight for the stage.

I don't believe any cow ever ran 200 yards faster than she did then. The four-horse team was ignorant of any impending disaster until Salome went between the wheelers, over the doubletrees, and landed on her sitter, skidding at least fifty feet.

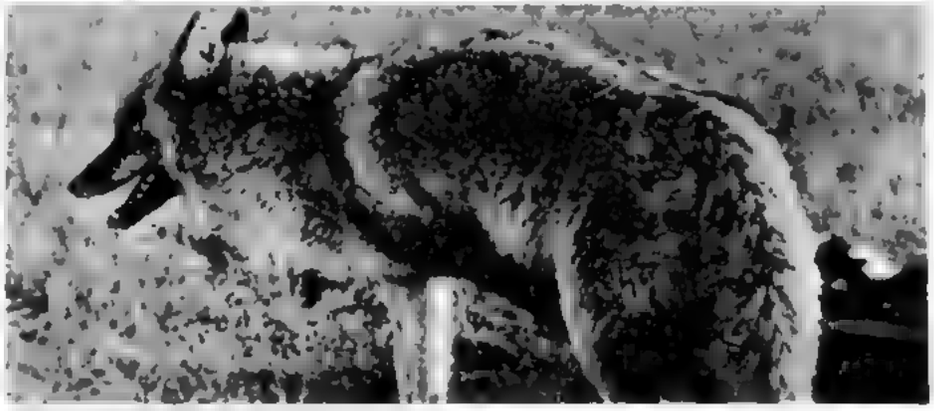
The team took off like a shot through the corral fence. The stage didn't make it; it broke loose and ended up upside down on a manure pile. The horses continued down the road like demons.

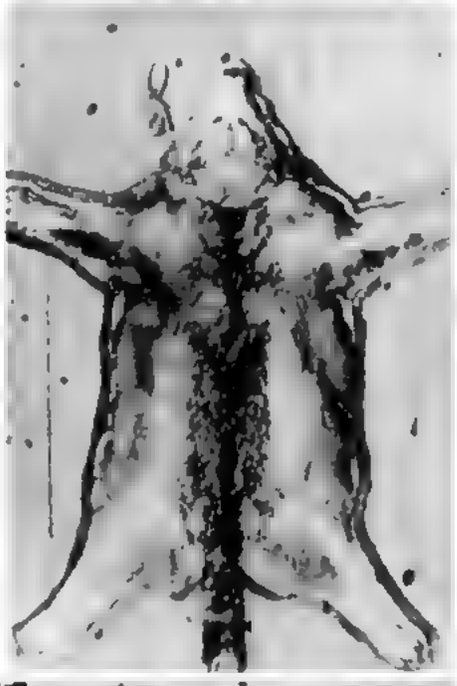
Salome was just sitting there, her mouth a perfect "O," her front feet braced in the dirt. The minister ran out into the yard, both arms upraised, yelling something that nobody understood.

It is possible that Salome blamed him for everything, because she suddenly lurched to her feet, bowed her neck, and cut loose with a bawl that could be heard in Idaho. Before I could shut my eyes to the tragedy, the minister, trying desperately to imitate a bullfighter, caught his heel and sat down flat just as Salome went over him, sailing through the air like a steeplechaser. She kept right on going past our cabin, but didn't even glance at me as she thundered past. I went down to the stable and helped patch up harnesses, a broken pair of singletrees, and the minister's disposition. But I never mentioned the stolen soap.

It was almost three weeks before Salome came home—and brought a little calf with her. But she didn't come near our cabin. Wilkerson said that the cow's eating soap wasn't too much of a puzzle. He said, "I've known women in the same condition, and look what they'll eat!"

Although this particular Salome didn't dance with the head of John the Baptist, she darn near got herself a minister.





Above, this Wyoming lobo has its left forefoot caught in a trap. Left, J. Elmer Brock roped, then shot, this big gray. Note the hands chewed off the lasso rope. Lower left, hunter and dead wolf.

Wolf Drive

(Continued from page 35)

We sometimes tie up a foot when shoeing a horse that doesn't want to be shod. Horses can't fight so good when standing on three legs. There was danger of a rope burn but I had to do it even though it was a hell of a way to treat my top horse. Nothing else to do—I wasn't going to leave that pelt.

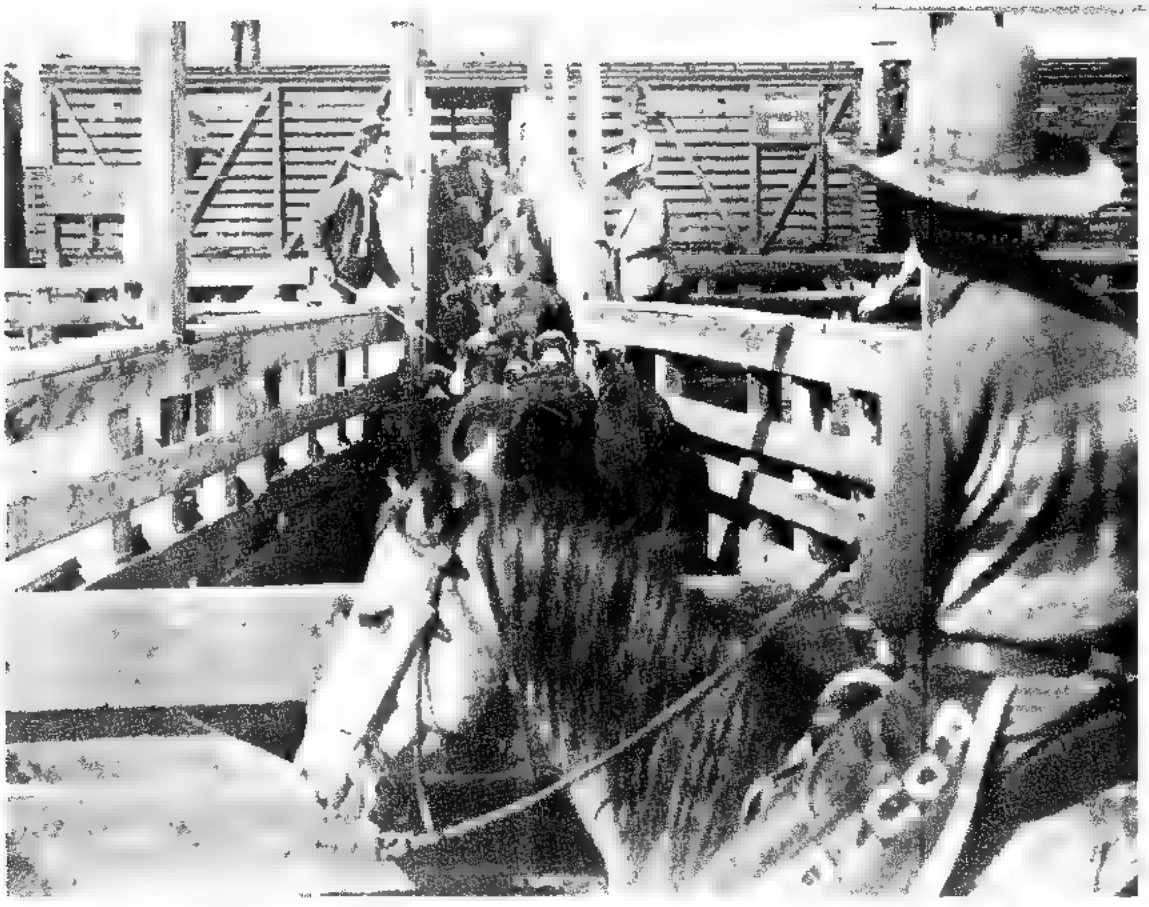
I tied the pelt good and snug on the saddle, then let my mare's foot down, untied her from the tree, coiled my rope and put it in the rope strap on the fork. I had trouble getting aboard but I made it and reached over and pulled off the blindfold, knowing I had let myself in for a rough ride. She really swallowed her head but I had a good seat.

I think we all do our best job of riding when we are alone and far from camp or the ranch. Here there was no ten-second rule like a rodeo, no pickup man. I finally got her head up and rode her out. After she got all that fight out of her system and found the wolf skin didn't hurt we got along all right. I figured that she had probably been badly scared by a wolf sometime during her short life.

When I got to camp the rider next to me told me he had put one across behind me that I did not see. I looked at my cartridge belt and counted six shells. It had been filled to its capacity, thirty-six, when I left camp that morning. The other men brought in two pelts.

We broke camp and pulled out for home the next morning. In just a few days we could tell that we had gotten rid of some of the wolves and chased a few out of the country for stock losses became less.

The efforts of the Stock Growers Association plus the complaints of the Horse Creek Valley ranchers were so strong the United States Predatory Animal Control sent us a professional wolfer. He shot or trapped twenty-eight in a few months. That wasn't all of them and we still rode with our rifles, but after that we were able to keep them under control.



By

MILT

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Photos

DOCK RIDER

Those Kansas City cowboys herded cattle, prodded mules, broke horses—then spent their money on girls, gambling and booze. Hard work, hard fun, and next year—maybe—a better job.

IN THE early 1900's when I first got a job there, the old Union Stockyards in the "West Bottoms," Kansas City, Missouri, were among the largest in the world. Thousands of cattle were shipped in daily and it was a good place for a cowboy to work.

After being unloaded from the railway cars into big receiving pens, cattle had to be moved around to individual pens, depending on who owned them. That's where the dock riders came in.

We all stayed in a big bunkhouse (in the winter usually huddled around a big coal stove), our horse corral close by. In would come the boss, saying, "They've just unloaded a trainload of cattle. Go get them and deliver them to the Clay pens." (Or the Robins' pens, or those of any of the other commission companies who rented from the stockyard to have a place to show cattle to buyers.)

It was a cold job riding the docks. Every two weeks the men changed shifts (day shift was from six in the morning till six in the evening, night shift the other twelve hours). The horses were so well-trained they could almost open and shut the gates themselves. When the last of a trainload of cattle had been moved, riders would return to the bunkhouse and tell the boss the job had been completed.

Mexico Joe, Buffalo Vernon and I were wild stock ropers. Our job was to rope any stock that got out of the yards or any cattle that could not be handled by the others. We would rope anything. Many times I have roped big wild fighting cattle on the brick-paved streets in the West Bottoms, roped and tied them down until one of the big wagons could come after them.

At this time, not only thousands of cattle but a lot of mules and horses were shipped each day. When the mules and horses were shipped to the big dealers, dock riders would drive the many wild horses or mules to the big barns. Buffalo Vernon and I got a lot of extra work from these big horse dealers, as a lot of countries were buying horses for their armies.

At this time, the U. S. Cavalry used hundreds of horses. Buffalo Vernon and I would ride as many as fifty to seventy-five head of horses each day when these inspections were held. We got twenty-five cents per head for riding; boy, could some of those horses buck! I have seen as many as ten carloads of big beautiful dappled gray horses from Iowa, weighing from 1,200 to 1,800 pounds, surrounded by the boss hostlers from the Ringling Brothers Circus, the great John Robinson Circus, the Barnum and Bailey Circus, Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and others. They shipped them to their winter quarters to pull the big wagons. You could see from four to twelve head of horses pulling the wagons in parades and to the show lots from the train.

I LIKED to make this extra money—when I was on day shift I celebrated in a big way. As a rule, Sunday night would find me at one of the burlesque theatres, the Century on 12th Street near Broadway and Central, or the Gaiety Theatre. For fifty cents you could see a full two-and-a-half hour show. After the show, I would stop at the corner lunchwagon and get a big Coney Island hamburger or a a big brain sandwich and a glass of lemonade.

The stockyards area at that time was a city in itself. Hotels had open card and dice games and there were saloons and stores. Monday nights Buffalo Vernon and I made the rounds of the red-light district. Wednesday night, it was to the dance halls or to the skating rink. Sometimes at one of the theatres there would be a championship wrestling match or prize fight. That was our entertainment in those days—no movies, no radio, no TV and, to tell the truth, I enjoyed it much better than now.

What a sight it was when a fire alarm sounded! Across the street from the

Ninth Street, east from Wyandotte, in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1904.

stockyards, the fire horses would run from their stalls to their places so the harness could be dropped on them. They would be stomping and prancing at the bits; the doors would fly open and down the brick streets they would go.

Another sight I shall never forget is to see the old cable streetcars, the last man hanging on for dear life. Every morning, before daylight, they would come off the cliff on 12th Street heading for the stockyards and the great meat packing plants. The man who ran the grip car was always a large man, very strong—he had to be in order to pull the long bar that caught onto the cable under the car and pulled it along.

THE CATTLE run was very heavy during October and November. Cowboys who had ridden on the ranches from early spring and had saved up a nice bankroll would ask to ride the cattle train to Kansas City. The railroads allowed one man a round-trip ticket for each two carloads of cattle shipped. They would ride the caboose, and each was given a long round pole. When the train made a stop on a side track to let a passenger train pass, the cowboys would get out of the caboose and look in each car to see if any of the cattle were down. If they were, the cowboys would poke the prod poles in the car and try to get the crowding cattle to make room for the animal to get up. On the long trip from New Mexico or west Texas, the stock had to be unloaded every twenty-four hours for feed and water and rest.

When those hungry-for-a-good-time fellows arrived in Kansas City they always were met by men who drove horse-drawn hacks. These drivers knew the way around the town and would drive the boys to a hotel so they could clean up. Of course, the cabbie was willing to wait for a price, so after cleaning up and eating, the cowboys would say, "James, to the red-light district, please." Or maybe they would go a saloon or one of the many gambling houses. Wherever they went, they were sure to be relieved of their savings. After a day or so of the rounds, they were ready and willing to head back to the ranch.

The place that had three round balls over the front door was the last stop for most of the boys. In order to have eating money, they would have to pawn their guns, watches or anything else of value they might have.

But usually the cowboys didn't care. They'd had their fun and were ready to go back and work for another year. That's the way life was then—a lot of hard work and a few hours of pleasure. But those of us around who still remember wouldn't trade them for any of the memories we own.

Dogs, Bears and Lies!

(Continued from page 49)

ing in than he had in getting out. He never looked back. He crawled under one of the doghouses and kept whining for a long time. I never saw a dog as mean as he was turn yellow so fast. Of course, Governor Carey said that any animal that wouldn't run from old Paul either couldn't smell or had lost its eyesight.

I USED to be a guide in Yellowstone Park. At that time the park was a wild rugged place. Those bears and other wild animals weren't domesticated then. We were not allowed to kill the bears but we wanted to lots of times. We used to carry Roman candles to scare them. We would put the neck yoke under the end of the wagon tongue and hang tin cans, wash tubs and anything else to it that would make a noise. When the bears would try to break in and rob camp, we would hear the cans rattle. If they didn't scare easy, we would grab some of the fireworks and take off after them, shooting them in the hindquarters. Boy, they were scared of those Roman candles! You could hear the timber rattle when those bears left camp.

We always had to be sure not to follow them too far, however. I remember a fellow once chased a couple of bear cubs down to the garbage pits where the mother bear was picking over the garbage. When that old boy went by, the mother bear jumped in behind him, and when she overtook him he had something to remember Yellowstone Park by—we had to send him to Cody on a stretcher. He was on crutches the rest of the season.

We had a horse wrangler named Red Fenwick. He must have gone to some kind of school where he learned to lie. He sure knew how to tell them. After he told one he would believe it himself. It was funny the way those dudes all believed the stories Red told. One of the greenhorns in our party was a fellow from Missouri—the kind that had to be shown. He was helping the cook and had never seen a bear. Old Red had him stuffed so full of lies about bears that this fellow was ready to grab a bear by the tail and turn him wrong side out.

When our party reached Old Faithful we were in real bear country. One morning Red hollered at the dudes to roll out. This Missouri fellow was hard to get up in the morning. It happened that all of the beds were lying in a straight line, and a big black bear started down the row of beds just as Red hollered, "Roll out!" Each cowboy would raise up in bed just as the bear was going past him. That bear got going a little faster every time someone raised up behind him.

Finally Red hollered, "Hey, Missouri, look out for that bear!" That old boy threw down his tarp and raised up just a few feet in front of that bear. The animal put on the brakes and hauled off and cuffed that Missouri fellow alongside the head and sent him rolling like a cartwheel. Old Red said, "Well, it's a good thing I yelled at you or you wouldn't have got to see that bear."

We had an old lady along on that trip who would ask foolish questions about everything. All the fellows kept dodging her. They would even run and hide from her but old Red would always have an answer, no matter what she asked him. We were camped near Old Faithful and so we took the dudes over to see it. That geyser was always on time every sixty minutes. It was sure something to look at. Some of those dudes even thought it was mechanical and they would look all over for the boiler room.

Old Red was standing by this little old lady and I heard her ask him, "Say, Mr. Red, do these geysers ever freeze over in the winter time?" Old Red said, "Why, of course, they do, madam. Just last winter this one froze over. A little girl was skating on it at the time and she broke through the ice and was scalded to death." Say, you know, I believe that old lady believed him. She said, "Oh my, what a horrible death!"

I wish I knew where Red is. I'd go see him. Any man who could lie like that, I'll bet he's telling lies for a living somewhere right now.

INZ ORG
DUCTION P

Rosa Ruff

Shadows of the Brave

(Continued from page 29)

grown. She could neither read nor write. She couldn't even speak English.

My husband's mother's name was Mary Gary. Her father was a white man, a descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She used to tell me about an experience she had when she was a little girl.

In about 1866 Mary Gary and her mother, with Mary's stepfather, Lone Wolf, were camped with a band of Indians on the Niobrara River somewhere in Northwestern Nebraska.

One day Mary and some other little Indian girls were playing hockey on the ice. Just when the game was getting exciting they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs. Two young Indian men, laughing and shouting and seeming to be enjoying themselves very much, came toward them. Behind them, bouncing on the end of a rope, was the body of a little blonde baby girl about two years old.

The young men rode down to where the little girls were playing. They told them that the baby was the child of one of two slave white women that the chief had in his teepee farther down the river. They told the little girls they had killed the baby as she played outside the teepee door while the two captive women looked on, helpless to prevent it. They told that they were going to do the same to the other baby. Then as a parting shot they bragged about what they were going to do to any other blonde-haired blue-eyed little girls they could get their hands on, and they looked hard at blonde-haired blue-eyed Mary as they spoke.

Poor Mary Gary was terribly frightened. When the young men dropped the rope and rode off to look at something farther up the river the little girls left their game and scrambled up the riverbank to run and tell Lone Wolf what the young men had said. Poor little Mary, short-legged and fat, couldn't keep up but kept crying, "Cousins! Dear Cousins! Please wait for me! Please wait for me!"

Stepfather Lone Wolf nodded sadly when the girls told him their story. "Yes, it is true," he said. The chief did hold two white women captive in his teepee. He treated them very cruelly and subjected them to every sort of indignity. Lone Wolf also said that the chief was going to trade the women off in the spring. They weren't good wives. The moccasins they made didn't stay soft and water soaked through them.

Mary felt very sad. Her mother went back to the river with the little girls. With their hands they scooped out a grave in the sand of the riverbank. They closed the unseeing blue eyes and laid the little body in the shallow grave. They concealed the grave by smoothing the sand with willow branches. But it wasn't good enough.

Soon the young men came back. When they couldn't find the body they rode up and down the riverbank scolding and screaming threats. The winter wind had blown some of the sand away, leaving a piece of the rope exposed. They found the grave and rode away laughing and shouting, the pitiful little body bounding and jerking behind them.

Mary was in tears. Everyone felt so badly that Lone Wolf took one of his best horses to the chief's camp and traded it for the remaining baby and her mother. He brought them home to his teepee.

The poor mother was so badly frightened that she would not put the baby down. She did everything with the baby clasped tightly in her arms; when Mary's mother tried to get the white woman to let her hold it, the mother's eyes got wild with fright and she clasped the baby tighter and backed away.

Mother and baby were nearly naked. What clothing they had on was held together with cactus spines. Stepfather Lone Wolf went to the fort and traded for some striped ticking. Mary's mother helped the white woman as much as she could and together they made coarse dresses for mother and child, the mother still tightly clasping the baby in her arms.

Then Lone Wolf took the woman and her child to the garrison at Fort Robinson. Mary never knew what became of the woman whose baby was killed.

AFTER George and I were married and went to LaCreek to live, the Indians used to come often to our place. They told us many stories about the old days when the Indians roamed the countryside at will. One old couple told us a story that is rather hard to believe, but it must be true. The man she told about was still alive when we lived at LaCreek, although I never saw him.

This old couple told us that one time (probably in the late 1870's) they and some other Indians of their tribe went on a buffalo hunt for their winter's supply of meat. The other Indians of the party soon got all the meat they wanted and left, warning our friends that they had better leave too, as they were close to the Pawnees' hunting grounds.

That night, as our friends lay sleeping by their campfire, they heard footsteps crunching in the snow. The footsteps came close and three men sat down by the almost dead campfire.

The woman raised herself up on her elbow and said, "Rake out the coals and blow on them. The fire will burn."

The men got the fire going. When the light flared up it showed a shocking sight. Fresh blood was running down the sides of one of the men's head, over his face and into his eyes, dripping off the end of his nose and chin. The Pawnees had scalped him alive and left him to die in the snow and the cold.

These Indians had been hunting buf-

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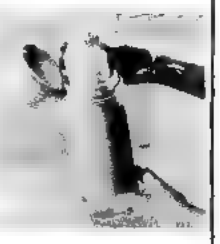

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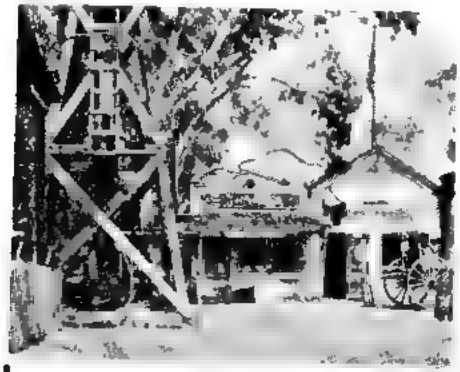

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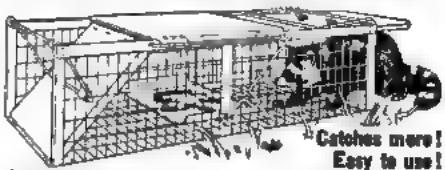

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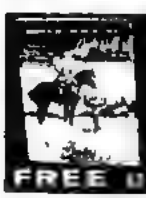

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falo too close to Pawnee territory. All of the party had been killed but these three. The two uninjured men had hidden so well that the Pawnees hadn't found them.

The woman got up from her bed of buffalo robes. She took a piece of skin from a newly slaughtered buffalo and fastened it onto the man's head over the raw and bleeding wound.

My father, Mortimer Clifford, was an Englishman who could turn his hand to anything. In his spare time he dug wells, built houses or did anything that came his way. During the Civil War he had not taken sides with either faction, but had delivered ammunition to both the Union and the Confederate armies. By so doing he earned the name of "bushwhacker." He came from Missouri to our little trapping settlement when he was eighteen.

Father had a ranch with lots of Durham cattle and Hambletonian horses. He was a self-educated man. When the time came to organize the county, a meeting was held in my Uncle Hank Clifford's teepee. Later Father served as county attorney and county commissioner.

Because she had been brought up in the wilderness, my mother used to pay a white woman in eggs, butter and milk to come twice a week to teach her English. In her spare time she made moccasins to sell to the Mormons who were all the time coming through on their way to Salt Lake City. We children used to play with the little Mormon children.

Our parents were determined that we should have the education they had missed. I started school when I was eight. School lasted two or three months and we never missed a day. Sometimes we walked, sometimes we rode horseback, and sometimes we drove a sled or wagon, depending on the weather.

We had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, winter or summer, in order to get the work done in time to go the sixteen miles before 9 o'clock. When we walked to school we had to hurry like everything, but we were never late. Being in such a hurry didn't keep us from looking around and seeing all the sights, though.

One day we found a meadowlark's nest. Of course we all thought that was something special and every day after that we stopped to see how the eggs were getting along. You can imagine how delighted we were one morning when we were greeted by five wide-open mouths on top of the scrawniest, barest little bodies imaginable.

After that it was pretty hard to tear ourselves away in time for school. We named them all. One was named Susie, one was named Sally, one was Teddy, one was Tommy and the littlest one we named Mr. Big. We would catch insects as we walked or rode along and carry them in our hands until we got to the nest and then stop to poke them down the wide open mouths.

There were some mean boys going to that school. For some reason they were always trying to get us into trouble. Somehow they found out about the meadowlark's nest. Perhaps one of us little kids blabbed, I don't know. Anyway, they followed us one night and saw us stop there.

The next morning when we stopped, the little birds were still alive but we wished they weren't. Those boys had taken their knives and skinned them alive. Brother Orlando's face was dark with anger as he looked at the birds. He clenched and unclenched his fists until the muscles in his arms stood out like the knots in a rope. "When I find out who did this I'm going to whale the stuffing out of him," he promised us.

Our faces were tear-streaked when we got to school so those mean boys knew we had found our pets and they taunted us with what they had done. 'Lando waited until noon when the teacher went to lunch, then he posted us little kids at the corners of the schoolhouse to watch.

It didn't take long to give one boy all he could stand, but it took a little longer on the bigger one. Every time 'Lando hit him he would call out one of the birds' names. "This is for Susie, this is for Sally and this one is for Mr. Big," he'd say.

One of the kids got away from us and ran up town screeching that 'Lando was killing 'Neezer. Teacher came running back to the schoolhouse panting like a lizard and pulled 'Lando off and got us all into the schoolhouse.

Then one of us little kids got to bawling and told her what the fight was about. Teacher thought it was pretty fine of 'Lando to take up for the birds and she gave us quite a lecture on being kind to animals.

IN 1886 Father contracted with the Union Pacific to build a stretch of railroad. Things went wrong and he finished

In 1933 a monument honoring Rosa Ruff's Indian grandmother, widow of Augustine Lucia, was unveiled in Stockville, as the photo below shows.

just a few hours beyond the deadline so he didn't get paid for any of the work he had done. It broke him paying off his men. The fall after I was ten, we left Stockville to come to the reservation.

We left Stockville October 20, 1887, with six cows and twenty horses and got to Pine Ridge on January 1, 1888. We kids went to boarding school while Father and Mother went on into the Badlands eighteen miles northwest of Kyle and started to farm. They dug deep irrigation ditches and irrigated with water from Medicine Root Creek.

After my parents moved into the Badlands, my aunt Nancy Barrett (called Grandma Nancy by her grandnieces and nephews) came to live with us. We younger children used to follow her around begging her to tell us stories. She had gone overland with her white husband in 1849. They settled outside Sacramento and she sold produce in the city of tents.

The older she got the more she reverted back to the old Indian superstitions and ways of doing things. Every spring she used to climb to the top of Sugar Loaf Butte—so called because it was square in shape like a lump of sugar and covered with tiny white flowers in the early spring. She would tie a bit of cigarette in a piece of new pink calico and fasten it to the end of a stick. She would point it to the north, to the east, to the south and to the west and say this prayer, "Oh, God, I thank thee for letting me live to a ripe old age. Let me live to put my feet on green grass." Then she would push the end of the stick into the ground and leave. She lived to be seventy-two years old.

By 1888 Red Cloud, chief of the Oglala Sioux, was an old, old man. Worn with the weight of years and with his innumerable feuds with the agent, McGillicuddy, his appetite was poor and sometimes he would refuse to eat, saying they were trying to poison him. The Indian boarding school used to send over choice parts of the boarding school meals to the old chief. To perk him up and give him a new zest for life they would send the food by some of the older and better looking girls. The girls would stay there and talk to him while he ate and it seemed to improve his appetite. Sometimes I went along with the girls.

About 1889 a seven-years' drouth began. All the creeks went dry in '91 and '92. In 1901 it got so dry there was no hay for the cattle and horses on the Badlands tables. That year Father and Mother wintered on Bear Runs Through the Lodges Creek.

In 1889 I went away to Philadelphia to school. I stayed there until I finished the eleventh grade. I got on the train at Rushville, which was a tiny town then. I was terribly frightened to be going so far from home but I sat up straight and tried to act unconcerned. I was certainly tired of trains by the time I got to Philadelphia!

MY HUSBAND, George Ruff, was of about the same degree of Indian blood as I. We were married February 18, 1901, by the newly ordained Reverend Amos Ross. Everybody came to our wedding.

Although George's people had lived in the same trapping community in which I was born, they had moved away before I was old enough to remember them. George came to Lincoln (the school in Philadelphia where I was) to see his sister and we got acquainted. My, he was a handsome young man! He had a carefree, dashing way about him and yet was bashful as a girl.

This was a wonderful country, then, all free range, no fences. Roundup started as near the first of June as was practical. The spring before we were married they were rounding up across the river from my father's place. All the riders came across the river to eat with us and stay overnight. George was on the roundup crew. I think everybody knew we were in love and had teased him about me. Every time he would look at me he would blush.

I remember how hard up my parents were. I had to get up before daylight and cook beans for breakfast. Some of the boys were sleeping in a tent not far from our outdoor cooking fire. I could hear George and three other boys quarreling about the one blanket they had to share.

After breakfast they saddled their horses to go back to the herd across the river. The river had risen in the night and was so thick with Badland mud they couldn't see past the surface. Their horses fell into a hole the river had gouged in the night and the boys all got dunked.

Our married life was happier than most, I believe. It was filled with hard work and we had our share of sorrow but when there is love the privations are not so hard to bear.

Two years ago we went back to Stockville. There was nobody left back there that I remembered. After seventy years everything was so changed that I almost wished I hadn't gone. South of our place there had been a lake that was supposed to be bottomless. Somebody was farming the bottom of this "bottomless" lake. The house where I was born, the first log cabin built in Frontier County, is sitting in the park at Stockville. Only Grandmother's grave was the same.

Author's Note: George Ruff passed away in October of 1946. Rosa, a little older and a little more lonely, spends her summers at her daughter's home on the reservation near Allen and her winters are usually spent with her other daughter in Portland, Oregon.

Last of the Fire-Eaters

(Continued from page 19)

ed, literally, into armed camps. Judge Gerald, himself a member of the then-popular cult of Free Thinkers, admired Brann and became one of his staunchest friends.

In 1897 Brann attacked Baylor University, a Baptist school located at Waco, in the most bitter style imaginable. He cast aspersions on the morals of some of its female students and on the intellectual attainments of all its faculty. Judge Gerald wrote a letter defending Brann and carried it to the editor of the *Times-Herald*, J. W. Harris.

The *Herald* was an evening daily, just established that year, and Harris was a bright and vigorous newspaperman and a Baptist. He declined to print the Gerald letter and after several days when the Judge called and demanded the return of the manuscript, his request was refused in a peremptory manner. This, of course, was like a red flag waved before Gerald's face.

A struggle ensued in Harris' office, with Gerald receiving a blow above his eye. As he staggered back from the blow he drew his pistol, but Harris immediately grappled with him, the pistol clattered to the floor and Judge Gerald stumbled and rolled down the stairway

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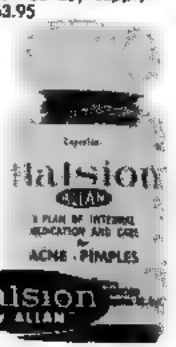

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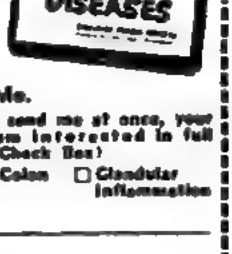

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EXTRA.

Waco Daily Telephone.

WACO, TEXAS, FRIDAY NIGHT, NOV. 19, 1897.

GERALD-HARRIS STREET DUEL.

Three men Engaged in Deadly Combat on Austin Avenue.

W. A. HARRIS WAS KILLED

J. W. Harris was Mortally Wounded and G B. Gerald Has two Wounds---J. W. Harris Fired the First Shot.

At a time when the streets of Waco were crowded with men, women and children, this afternoon, a street duel participated in by three persons occurred on the most prominent business corner of this city during which many shots were exchanged. One was killed and two wounded.

It is one of the most deplorable tragedies that has ever occurred. All by-standers and pedestrians escaped injury with one exception, as the shooting seemed to be indiscriminate and occurred at a time when the streets were thronged.

When the firing began citizens rushed in to cover and drive hurriedly away their vehicles. From other parts of the city curious people ran towards the scene but as they heard more firing they hesitated ready to retreat. Within 60 seconds after the firing ceased several hundred persons rushed to the corner and it was with difficulty that Justice J. B. Harris could reach the breathless form of W. A. Harris. Friends of all those engaged in the trouble were there and it was with difficulty a reporter could learn the facts.

At 5 o'clock this afternoon the recent trouble between J. W. Harris and G. B. Gerald culminated in a shooting affray at the corner of Fourth and Austin streets, in which J. W. Harris was mortally wounded, W. A. Harris was killed and G. B. Gerald was shot in two places.

J. W. Harris was standing at the Old Corner Drug store and his brother W. A. Harris, was across the street near the Citizens' National bank.

Judge Gerald crossed the intersection of the two streets and the firing began. The first shot came from the pistol of J. W. Harris and two were fired before Judge Gerald drew his pistol. He returned the fire and was then disarmed by his brother W. A. Harris. He turned to meet his new foe and in the exchange of shots, about 15 were fired. It was a street duel the like of which have never been seen in Texas since the days of border life, and at a time when the streets were crowded. Both men sought shelter from the leaden hail and stylish equipage with ladies at occupants moved swiftly from the scene. A panic ensued and within a short time the streets had the street to themselves.

Judge Gerald was shot in the right side and in the left arm, his wounds are not fatal.

W. A. Harris was instantly killed and fell on the pavement of the Citizens' National bank, shot through the head and body.

J. W. Harris was shot in the throat and also another wound in the body, and fell in front of the Old Corner Drug Store, and was carried inside for surgical attention.

Judge Gerald was taken to the office of Dr. N. A. Olive in the First National bank building, where Dr. Olive, Dr. H. W. Brown and Dr. R. W. Park dressed his wounds.

Dr. H. L. Taylor, who saw the duel, said: "I was standing in the Old Corner Drug Store door and W. Harris was near me. He remarked: 'Get out of the way, I may have to do some shooting.' I stepped away and as I walked away Harris began shooting, the first ball grazing the back of my head. As I walked away I saw Gerald crossing the street." Said Dr Taylor crossing the street," said Dr. Taylor.

"Who shot first," asked the reporter.

"J. W. Harris fired first. He shot twice before Gerald pulled his pistol."

Judge Gerald said that he was attacked from and rear, and that J. W. Harris fired first, and that he turned to defend himself, that when he fired at J. W. Harris W. A. Harris compelled him to turn on him.

Judge Gerald walked away from the corpse to W. A. Harris and remarked: "The cowards attacked me from behind. They were afraid to come out in the open."

The affair has caused a great deal of excitement. The meeting between the men has not been unexpected, and when the reports of the pistols were heard every one said. "That is Harris and Gerald."

W. S. Jasper, a negro bootblack was shot in the fleshy part of the leg during the duel.

One person who saw the affray said "I was standing in front of the Citizens' National bank and started across the street towards the Old Corner Drug Store and the shooting began when I was about half way across. J. W. Harris was standing in the door of the Old Corner Drug Store apparently leaning up against the door jam and Gerald was standing on the curbstone, the two facing each other and both shooting. While they were shooting another man, now said to be W. A. Harris, who was standing in front of the Citizens' National bank shot once at Gerald and once again but apparently the pistol snapped. He was seized by a policeman and Gerald ran across the street toward him. By the time he had reached the opposite side W. A. Harris had fallen and the policeman was on top of him, when Gerald, who had got over him shot him three times. Then a policeman seized Gerald and in the struggle both fell into the gutter."

From the statements of several people, who met the principals, prior to the shooting, the opinion is expressed that the meeting was not unexpected.

It is stated that Policeman Baighthat had seized W. A. Harris after he shot at Judge Gerald and he was in custody when shot by the latter, who exclaimed as he fired the shots, "You — — — — you shot me in the back."

At 5:30 this evening it was reported by the physicians in attendance upon J. W. Harris, said he was very low. They stated the bullet had evidently struck the cervical vertebrae and had caused paralysis from the hips down. It is stated that the condition of the wounded man admitted of little hope of his recovery. He was conscious and stated that he was bleeding internally and felt that he was going to die.

A great crowd collected after the shooting and completely blocked the streets, discussing the tragedy in all its phases.

The event is universally deplored and expressions of regret heard on all sides.

At 6:00 it was stated by one physician that J. W. Harris was in a dying condition. He is surrounded by his wife, mother and little girl.

The Gerald-Harris duel was reported in a DAILY TELEPHONE extra.

onto the sidewalk.

The next day Gerald circulated a yellow handbill throughout the streets of Waco, recounting with cold exactitude just what had occurred. He called Harris a liar, a coward and a cur and offered to meet him in a duel with shotguns, pistols or whatever weapons the newspaperman might choose. Harris declined, but bought himself the best pistol he could find and began to practice with it daily. His brother, W. A. Harris, also bought a long-barreled Colt. Waco knew that it was just a matter of time.

THE TIME came sooner than many expected. On November 19, Judge Gerald hitched his buggy near the intersection of Fourth Street and Austin Avenue, the city's main intersection. By coincidence (or otherwise), Jim Harris was near the front door of the drugstore on one corner, and Bill Harris was lounging on the opposite corner, across the street in front of the Sleeper-Clifton Boot and Shoe Store.

Someone walked past Jim Harris and exclaimed, "Better look out, Jim. Here comes Judge Gerald." Harris drew his revolver and stepped into the doorway just as Gerald mounted the curb. All witnesses agreed that Jim Harris fired the first shot, but the pressure was too great. He missed. Gerald drew and fired, sending Harris reeling to the floor. By this time, Bill Harris had run into the street and was firing at Gerald from behind. Gerald staggered as the heavy bullets tore through his crippled left arm and side. A police officer, Hunt Ballenfant, ran into the street and tried to wrestle Bill Harris' pistol from his hand. As these two struggled, Gerald towered over them, his face a mask of rage. "He shot me in the back!" he roared. Quickly thrusting his pistol forward, he shot Bill Harris directly through the head. It was all over.

Feelings mounted even higher after this affray. Just five months later, on April 1, 1898, Brann himself was shot to death on a Waco street by a Baylor sympathizer named Tom Davis. Brann succeeded, however, in fatally wounding Davis before he died.

Months afterward, when things had begun to quiet down somewhat, a friend of gambler George Crippen asked him why he didn't go give Judge Gerald a good whipping now that the Judge had lost one arm. Crippen reportedly gave this wise reply, "You aren't catching me starting anything with *that* old man. Why, if he had lost both arms and both legs, too, he'd still bite you to death!"

Death came to Judge Gerald in 1914, in his seventy-ninth year. In Oakwood Cemetery at Waco a tombstone of tan marble memorializes both the Judge and Mrs. Gerald, and bears the following epitaph:

IT MAY BE TO OBLIVION'S
DREAMLESS SLEEP
IT MAY BE TO ANOTHER
AND A BETTER LIFE
"QUIEN SABE?"
WE ARE CONTENT

However, Judge Gerald's remains do not repose beneath the stone. Instead, at his instructions, his body was cremated. A favorite nephew, in a chartered launch, scattered the ashes over a ten mile curve of Galveston Bay. The Judge had said, "I just want to see if Saint Peter can gather *those* bones up when the last trumpet is blown!"

He was one of the last of the real old Confederate fire-eaters.

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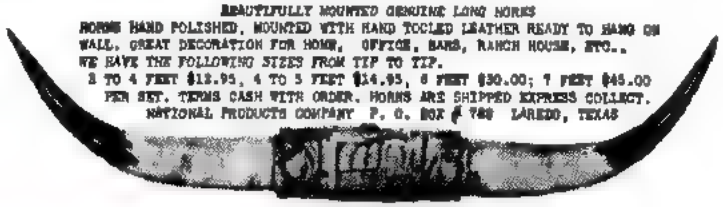

Truly Western

A Few Sheep, Pigs, Rabbits and Hens

Dear Joe Austell Small,

I read your magazines. To tell the truth, I hesitated many times to write you because I thought my manner would be impolite but soon I encouraged myself when I thought that we are all brothers in God's love and that I am not writing you for any personal honor and desire, only for my church, my village and, on a larger scale, our state.

Today we Koreans are forwarding actively to improve the farmers' lives. Truly, the status of their life is so terribly miserable that our government makes much efforts to give the poor farmers better conditions. But Korea is not rich enough to give all of them any material help. There are many poor villagers that don't know what to do or how to do things because there are no young leaders qualified to control them.

I have just graduated from college in Seoul. My friend, Hong Kyun Hwa, studies science. We are the heads of the youth class in our church and we are trying to help the young people become Christian leaders for our country.

Our church is located at Yang Chun, about fifteen miles from Seoul. Yang Chun village has about 180 houses and all residents here are farmers. In our high school are nine students. We have a plan to make a room or library in which those who are not going to school because of poor financial circumstances can study. And we wish to provide many kinds of books for students who wish to read beyond their school subjects.

We also have another plan: to give an interest in stock breeding to them. Then we can use the profit from the stock breeding for our activities in many ways. But in order to practice the plan, we need at least a few sheep, pigs, rabbits and hens.

Today, in Korea, it is impossible to raise the farmers' incomes by only the traditional ways of agriculture. It is urgent that we should make the farm-villages prosper by stock breeding.

If we make a success of the plan we can instruct the knowledge, experience and techniques to all farmers in Yang Chun village, then the conservative farmers would naturally be encouraged to follow us. To tell the truth, in the farm-villages most farmers have nothing to do except during the seasons of cultivation and harvest; therefore, we think that this labor force will adopt our plan and progress forward to help themselves.

Would you please assist us within your capacity? We are hoping that the spirit that made the West of your United States great can help us too. —Im Myong Soon, Yang Chun Church, 272 Kayang Ri, Yangdong Myum, Kimpo Koon, Kyonggido, Korea.

Editor's Note: We are constantly surprised to discover the far corners of the world which TRUE WEST reaches. We think Im Myong Soon has a worthy cause and are sending, as individuals, a few dollars to them. We are sure they would appreciate any help or encouragement you-all could add.

Reader Im's Sunday School class. Im is in the back row, far left.

Hughes Ranch

Howdy,

Referring to "Where the Outlaws Hid" in the August issue, the Hughes ranch comprised some forty-odd sections of rich grass and fertile farm lands, dotted with hundreds of head of well-bred cattle and good horses. It was what is now Caddo, Kiowa and Washita Counties. This was before the age of droughts and dust-storms. Rain was plentiful and an abundance of good crops was raised each year. It was really a rancher's paradise.

Ben and Jim Hughes had been railroaders in Texas. Ben killed a deputy U. S. marshal in the eastern part of Indian Territory and was tried before Judge Isaac Parker but was saved from being hanged because the marshal had been on Hughes' property without a search warrant.

The criminals of that day were mostly stock rustlers, murderers or bank and train robbers. Harboring that class of criminals was a profitable business and the Hugheses prospered. Time after time, efforts were made to apprehend lawbreakers at the ranch but the efforts always ended in failure.

At last the irate citizens of the surrounding country became so exasperated that on August 8, 1902, a posse of 300, including the sheriffs of Caddo, Kiowa and Washita Counties, went to the ranch and ordered the Hughes boys to leave the country by a certain date or be shot on sight. However, the boys were not the type to be scared away from a large and profitable business so they continued to stay.

On March 29, 1903, another large group of citizens met and searched the ranch for the bodies of men who had disappeared and were supposed to have been murdered and buried on the premises. I don't believe they found anything that could be pinned on Ben and Jim.

As the years went by, the pair became entangled more and more with the law. Attorneys' fees and other expenses left them bankrupt; they spent the last years of their lives in poverty. Few mourned them when they passed on.—Nat M. Taylor, Box 6, Lookeba, Oklahoma.

The Pneumonia Victim and His Mount Evans Gold

Dear Mr. Stout:

Your readers might be interested in this information.

Some fifty years ago a young prospector chipped from the backbone of Mount Evans some samples of quartz richer in gold than any his eyes had ever seen before. It was early fall and the wind was cold. The young man—a trained geologist but not an experienced mountain man—was somewhat thinly clad. He determined to return to his cabin at the bottom of Mount Evans in order to avoid the evil-looking black clouds rolling in from the west.

Snowflakes began to fall and the wind suddenly became colder. The young man, hurrying, was forced to breath deeply of the thin air to try to get enough oxygen to sustain himself. Each breath was torture; it seemed his lungs were being pierced with daggers. "I must seek shelter. I'll never make it to my cabin tonight in this blizzard," he decided.

The old tie-cutter who later retraced the young prospector's route reported the delirious youth spent the night in a small cave below timberline, then staggered forth the next day, probably so fevered he didn't know what he was doing.

At any rate, alone in his snug cabin six miles west of Evergreen, the tie-cutter

was warming himself before his stove when he heard the feeble knocking at his door. The young prospector stumbled across the threshold and fell to the floor. Recognizing pneumonia, for he had seen it many times before, the old man tried in vain to save him. In delirium, the geologist's last words were, "Mount Evans, timberline, rich gold!"

After the young man had died, the grizzled veteran of many Colorado winters sought something that would establish the deceased's identity. Among other articles in his pockets, the old man found ore samples. Later, when the samples were assayed, he discovered that the young man must have made an immensely rich gold strike.

Massive Mount Evans is one of the most easily accessible peaks in the entire Rocky Mountain region. A good road runs from Denver to Mount Evans. Somewhere, above timberline on the far-flung ramparts of the sprawling mountain, there may be a fortune in gold waiting to be found again. I wonder if anyone will find it?—Frank M. Freeman, 2957 Firth Court, Denver 11, Colorado.

Not One Notch!

Dear Joe:

As the years go on, more and more notches appear on the pistol handles of the old-time peace officers and badmen of the Old West.

No self-respecting peace officer ever filed any notches on his gun. In the Pawnee Bill Trading Post is one of the greatest collections of old revolvers, rifles and tomahawks—part of the original collection that he and Buffalo Bill had in their Wild West Shows. Not one single gun has a notch on it.

Pawnee Bill told me that fakers offering guns for sale to tourists would file a few notches on the metal part of the handle of any old Colt and offer to sell it as a gun that had belonged to Jesse James, the Daltons or some other badman or lawman famous in the West. Often these "salesmen" would say they had stolen the gun from Pawnee Bill's museum when they had worked there, but none of them had ever been around the place.

I knew Bill Tilghman very well. He laughed out loud at the mention of filing the butt of a revolver. His remark was that good marshals and the top badmen didn't need any proof of their accomplishments. Their reputations were always well ahead of them, from the Missouri River to the Rockies, from Montana to El Paso.—W. R. Kerr, R.R. No. 3, Box 794, Lake Villa, Illinois.

A Trip to the Past

Dear Sir,

In the June issue of TRUE WEST was a story of Bodie, California, entitled, "Vigilante 601."

Having lived in the Mother Lode district for several years, I have been able to visit many of the old western towns and camps and always have been sorely disappointed at the commercialized attitude people in some of these towns seem to take concerning the historic value of our golden but rugged past.

I had always wanted to visit Bodie but due to past disappointments could never get enough steam up to get started until I read the story and studied the picture of Bodie in 1880. I made up my mind to go the following weekend; as it turned out, I'll never be sorry and I imagine I'll go back again. *(Continued on next page)*

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PROSPERITY AWAITS YOU!

2½ ACRES

TWIN RIVER RANCHOS in NEVADA

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THE BOOM THAT HAD ITS START IN NEW ORLEANS IN NEVADA. Ground floor buyers have reaped fortunes from small initial investments. A factual example of skyrocketing values is Las Vegas, Nevada. Land that originally sold for $200.00 an acre, now sells for $20,000.00 an acre, a profit of 1000%! The first offering of LAS VEGAS land was open to everyone. Buyers who took advantage of low opening prices have become wealthy. The ground floor opportunity of Las Vegas is gone, BUT ANOTHER AREA OF PROSPEROUS NEVADA IS JUST NOW BEING RELEASED FOR PUBLIC SALE!

This area has such a tremendous growth potential, such a fantastic, unlimited future, that wise investors have purchased large acreage. Bing Crosby's ranch was one of the largest cattle ranches in the county. James Stewart is honorary sheriff. Yes, the smart, experienced investors have sensed the future and are buying TWIN RIVER RANCHOS in Elko County, Nevada.

TWIN RIVER RANCHOS has all of the factors needed to boom . . . to prosper . . . to skyrocket its land values. Located on the level fertile lands of Rich Elko Valley, The Ranchos have the backdrop of the statuesque Ruby Mountains. The sparkling Humboldt River with its swimming, fishing and water sports actually forms one of the Ranchos boundaries, and is a valuable asset of the property. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road. The City of Elko, with its long established schools, churches, and medical facilities is a friendly neighbor only 12 miles away!

FAMILY RECREATION

HUNTING: You will find the hunting of your life. There are big game species such as Mule Deer in abundance. Duck, Quail and Geese are plentiful.

FISHING: A fisherman's paradise. Huge Rainbow, Brook Trout and German Browns abound in Alpine-like lakes and mountain-fed bottom streams.

FOR THE FAMILY: Riding, swimming and all sports. Camping, picnicking sites of unbelievable scenic grandeur

INSURE YOUR PROFITABLE TOMORROW

Yes, the wise investors are now buying in TWIN RIVER RANCHOS, but America's largest corporations are also busy investing in Nevada. It is a well known fact that the large corporations buy in advance of population explosion. Anaconda Copper has just completed a $32,000,000 plant. North American Aviation, Curtiss Wright, and Kaiser Steel have secured building sites. CENSUS BUREAU FACT Nevada is the nation's fastest growing State, a 5 year population increase 70% highest in U.S.A.

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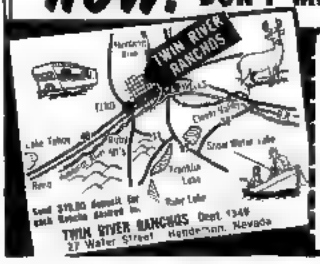

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The minute I stepped out of the car I was in the past. Here I found what I had hoped to find on all my past trips. The warped boardwalks, the wide vacant Main Street, the few weatherbeaten sunbleached stores and buildings of all sizes and conditions brought pictures to my mind of the people of the past and of the many happenings that are now just occasionally read stories.

The town is indeed dead and is fast disappearing. Anyone wishing to see Bodie as a town must do so soon. It isn't going to be around much longer. The buildings will sag and lean a little more after each winter's snow and once they give up and fall, no amount of repair can make them original again.

The old church has been stripped of all but her pride. As I was alone in the town, I sat in the church for some time, listening to the wind sighing between twisted and warped boards. Before leaving I went to the cemetery and walked silently, reading a roll call from the past. Outside the cemetery fences I discovered a crude home-made cement tombstone with only the name, "Rosa," sunk into its surface. On the base was crudely written "Servantina." Who could help but wonder what broken dream lies beneath the plain —but in its own way beautiful—tombstone. I couldn't help thinking of the town as being a whole city of broken dreams.—Melvin L. Shenefield, P.O. No. 771, Placerville, California.

A Good and Wonderful Man

Dear Editors:

I am writing a few lines regarding an article in your June issue concerning Milton Faver. All that you say is very true. He was a very good man. My grandfather was left an orphan by Indians and Don Milton gave him a home and brought him up as his own. Later, when my grandfather married, Don Milton gave him some land. And Don Milton raised my mother almost as his own daughter.

I think the world should know what a good and wonderful man Don Milton was. Thank you for printing this article. My children were real excited and so was I.—Mrs. M. Moreno, Route 1, Box 42, Colorado City, Texas.

Ken Maynard?

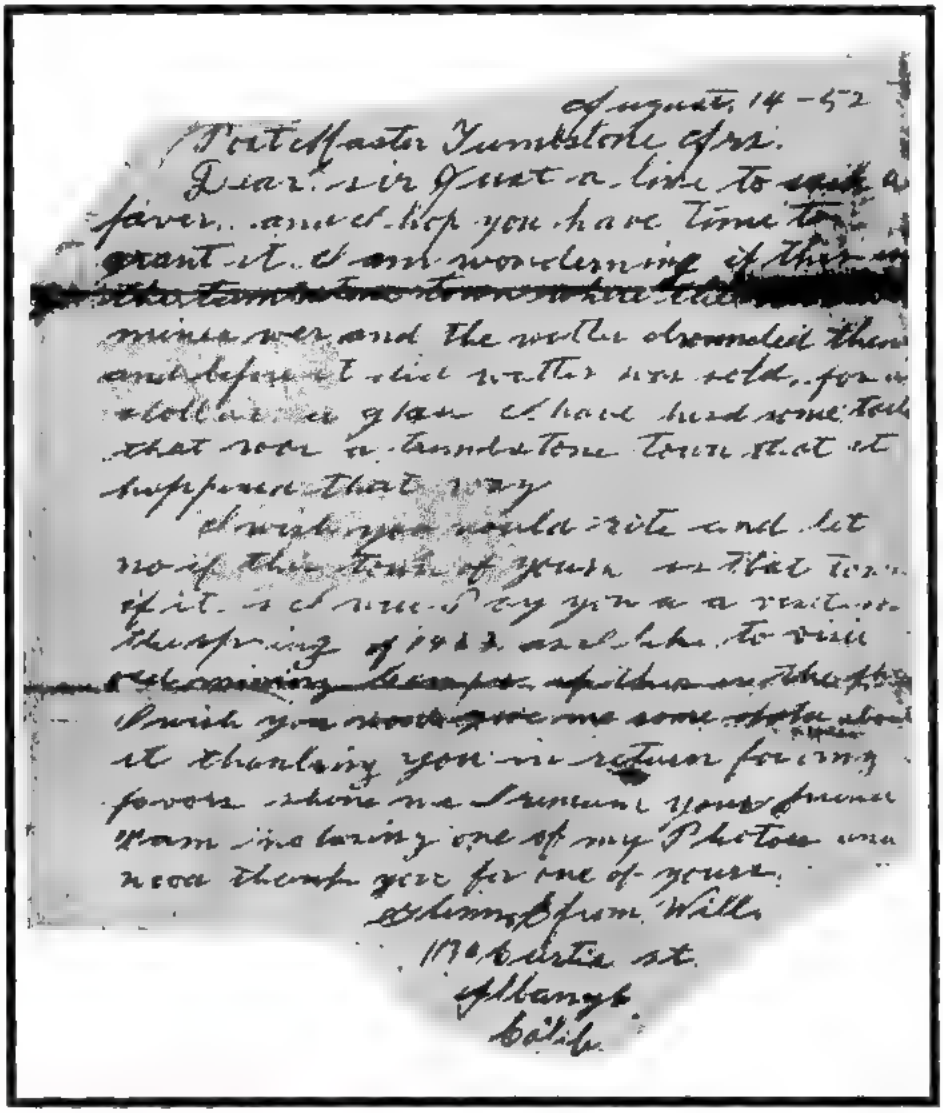
Mr. Joe Small:

Congratulations on the wonderful magazines, TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. The Indian stories and pictures are great.

In the March-April issue, Edna G. Landin has a picture on Page 19 that is supposed to be Bronco Bill at the California State Fair in 1924. This is not true. The picture is of Ken Maynard, the cowboy movie star dressed as Buffalo Bill and riding the famous Kellogg Ranch Arabian horse, Jadaan.

This same picture was published in

Glen Will's letter to the "Post Master, Tumbstone."


August 14 - 62
Post Master Tumbstone Ariz.
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favor, and I hop you have time to
grant it. I am wondering if there
mine were and the water drowned it then
and before the water was sold, for a
dollar a glass I have heard some tell
that now in Tumbstone town that it
happen that way
I thought I would write and let
no if this town of yours or that town
if it is true I try to a visit
the spring of 1963 and like to visit
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Western Horseman in March, 1952. It is from the Spide Rathburn collection.—D. R. Robb, 116 East Jefferson, Kirksville, Missouri.

Author's Comment: Reader Robb's letter stating the photo is not of Bronco Bill is a surprise to me. For your files I am enclosing a certified copy of the letter from Bronco Bill which accompanied the picture. He definitely states, "I am enclosing one of my photoes and wood thank you for one of yourn."—Edna G. Landin, P.O. Box 554, Tombstone, Arizona.

Editor's Note: Possibly old Glen Efrom ("Bronco Bill") Will, being a cuss with a cantankerous sense of humor, was pulling somebody's leg with the Maynard picture. We can assert that the snapshot sent us was an original (i.e. not taken from another publication) and was signed on the back by old Bronco himself. We're still looking into this and will probably have more information soon.

Only Known as McCarty

Dear Mr. Stout:

I am afraid you leaped to conclusions in saying that the First Presbyterian Church record "proves Billy the Kid's real name was McCarty." The only thing it proves is that he was known as McCarty at the time.

The simple facts are he was the son of William H. Bonney and Catherine McCarty. The marriage appears to have been an unhappy one and after the death of Bonney, the Kid's mother resumed her maiden name.—Philip J. Rasch, 1839 Chandeleur Drive, San Pedro, California.

The Man Who Named Phoenix

Editor, Joe Austell Small:

Regarding "The Man Who Named Phoenix," in the June Issue, Darrell Duppa never lived in the house pictured with the story. John D. Montgomery built this adobe for use as a milk house and Duppa lived in a half-cave half-adobe quite some distance from this building. At the time of the construction of this milk shed, Duppa was living at his stage station on Agua Frio River.

He was at this station in 1877 when his brother, Austin Whitney Duppa, and representatives of his Uncle George Duppa visited him in an effort to get him to return to England and take over the Duppa estates then held by his uncle, who wished to will them to him. He refused and in 1878 a remittance was executed whereby Duppa received $9,000 a year until his death in 1892.

The life of Darrell Duppa reads like a fiction novel. He was educated in the highest schools of learning in Europe. He was an expert horseman and fencer. He rose to colonel in the British Army and was stationed at Bombay. There he engaged in a duel with an army officer and ran him through.

Panicky, he fled back to England and his mother, whom he idolized. Although she sided with him, his brother and his betrothed blamed him for running away. The girl broke her engagement with Darrell, who took off for New Zealand where his Uncle George had a gold mine.

George tried to keep him in New Zealand, but Darrell came on to America. He lived here for thirty years and never married, carrying in his gold watchcase a hand-painted medallion of the girl he had left behind. He refused to return to England.

After disposing of the stage station, he never purchased any more property. He built no buildings, engaged in no business. He drank and gambled and attended the theater almost nightly, bought stacks of classical books, dressed well and loved to debate on any subject. He engaged in several skirmishes with Indians and was injured several times.—John Lindley Higham, 2206 West Jackson Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

Ringing in the Sinners

Dear Bob:

Here's an anecdote your readers might enjoy.

George M. Darley was a famous skypilot during the early days of Colorado's San Juan mining boom. He was a sincere and absolutely tireless man of God and covered all the mining camps and held meetings whenever he could get a few men together.

One time he conducted services in a saloon at a remote camp high in the Rockies, near timberline. The proprietor offered to "ring up" all the loose men in the neighborhood and went down the street swinging a dinner bell and shouting, "All you ungodly, sinning s-o-bs, come and hear the gospel preached!"—Weldon F. Heald, 2137 East Eighth Street, Tucson, Arizona.

Make a Nice Bonfire

Howdy,

I have been reading both magazines for about four years now. Before I subscribed, I had to go on an all-out hunt over a good hunk of north Texas to get a copy.

I see in the latest issue of FRONTIER TIMES you are aroused by the fact that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are being hidden in back of all kinds of other magazines on newsstands. I have really noticed this quite a bit. Most of the magazines out front nowadays are a bunch of scrap paper packed full of misleading and fraudulent junk, lies, scandal, sex and all other kinds of brainwash that can give anybody a permanent brain strain. There are about seven national magazines that I believe are worth buying; the rest would make a mighty nice bonfire out on the northern ice cap.

TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are the tops of those seven national magazines. Whenever I find TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES hidden behind a lot of other junk on a newsstand, I am going to dig them out and put them right in front even though I don't buy them from newsstands any longer. I really want to see you folks make some sales so you won't get any ideas of folding up the press and the ink bottles.—A/1C Tex West, Sheppard Technical Training Center (ATC) Sheppard Air Force Base, Texas.

Cowboying in Brazil

Bob Stout:

In the spring of 1912 I was out of a job and I heard about a large outfit going to Brazil to start a cattle ranch. They were looking for cowboys to go down there, so my buddy Billy Smith and I talked it over and decided the $40.00 a month sounded good to us.

On the boat from Galveston, Texas, we took 500 head of bulls, 500 heifers and 28 saddle horses. We had enough feed and water on the boat to last them for forty days. Some of the cattle got seasick and four of them died. We had to

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Reader Mock (top row, second from left) and friends in 1912.

take care of the cattle and horses, feeding and watering them every day.

At Paranagua, Brazil, we loaded the cattle into railroad cars and shipped them to a ranch not too far from Sao Paulo. Like most of the trains in those days, the one we took was a wood burner. Cords of wood were stacked along the tracks and when the train needed more wood, everybody got off and helped load it. Many times going up a long grade the engine ran out of steam and had to stop until the crew could get up more.

These trains ran just in the daytime because the Indians, at night, would try to wreck them. At sundown we would stop at a town, get off and go to a rooming house to sleep.

At the first Brazilian ranch I saw, facilities consisted of a grass shack covered with palm leaves, a big corral and a branding chute. We started putting the company brand on the cattle the natives were bringing in. Clair Clark came over with about ten native cowboys—believe me, they were a rough and ready bunch. Most of them didn't wear shoes and wore their spurs on their bare feet. They used rawhide ropes about seventy feet long and I've never seen better ropers.

We stayed two days after Clair came, then the company sent eight of us on out west into the Matto Grosso country.

An Englishman was in charge of the ranch there. It was nice, with several good buildings, good corrals, branding chute and orange grove. The only trouble with the corrals was that banana trees had grown up around them, making it too hot to work in them. We got busy and cut down all the trees, loaded them onto a wooden-wheeled cart pulled by two oxen and hauled them away. I would like to have a picture of Colorado cowboys on that job!

Everything went along okay for a while, then some of us got to thinking that life was too short to spend any more time down there. Four of us—Burns, Smith, King and myself—decided to call it quits. I sold my saddle and .44 Winchester and some clothes in Sao Paulo. Billy Smith and I landed in New York on Christmas Day. We didn't have any presents but we were sure a happy pair. We caught a train out as soon as we could because we were low on cash. In fact, when we got to Trinidad, Colorado, Billy was broke and I had fifteen cents. We went and got a couple of beers and a sack of Bull Durham.

I didn't make any money going down to Brazil but I had a lot of experiences. I am seventy-two now and retired and still enjoying life. If any of those fellows that were on the trip with me should read this story, I would be glad to hear from them.—Rex C. Mock, 1364 South Gibbs Street, Pomona, California.

Chief Tendoy

Dear Sirs:

I grew up in eastern Idaho, the homeland of Chief Tendoy, about whom you had an article in the April issue. I believed I was the only one in Seattle who ever heard of Tendoy until your magazine came out with the fine article about this great and humane Indian chief. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw it, and the remarkable picture of the Nez Percé Indian on the cover. I am more than pleased that you have honored these people with the remembrance they deserve. Do keep up the good work you are doing.—Raymond Cutter, 1413 Third Avenue, Seattle 1, Washington.

Cold in Nebraska

Howdy:

In past issues you have mentioned how cold it gets in Wyoming and Montana. In winter it gets fearfully cold in Nebraska, too. During one especially cold spell in January, 1889, a traveling man arrived in the village of O'Neill and registered at a hotel. The temperature in the upstairs bedroom was below zero. The drummer got into bed fully clothed, pulled his cap down over his ears and, despite his overcoat and felt boots, didn't sleep a wink. It was just too cold.

About five the next morning he heard the cook building a fire in the kitchen. He went down to try to get warm in front of the feeble fire. As he stood there, the night marshal, icicles coating his long whiskers hanging from his nose, came in. The drummer looked at him in astonishment.

"My gosh!" he exclaimed. "I thought my room was cold! What room did you have last night?"—Frank Ariza, 534 Duane, Astoria, Oregon.

My Grandmother Was There

Gentleman:

I found the story "Doomed by a Keg of Nails" by Frank Judd (December 1961 TRUE WEST) most interesting. I am a descendant of one of the parties present the day of the hanging of Beale and Baker on the courthouse grounds at Salem, Oregon.

My grandmother was there that day; she was twelve years old at the time. Just the year before, 1864, she had crossed the plains from Texas to Oregon by covered wagon.

My mother often told me this story. However, she said the little colored boy had run and hidden under the bed and when one of the men reached under the bed, his sleeve slid up his arm and the boy saw that his skin was really white and he was only masquerading as a Negro.

Thank you for a very interesting story. —Mrs. Leslie R. Fletcher, Box 525, Herlong, California.

Reader Cutter's photo of Tendoy (third from left).

Now You're Talking!

(Continued from page 6)

know how we lasted that long at 25c per copy with as little advertising as we run. Compare the *percentage* of advertising in our magazine with any other on the newsstands and you'll be shocked. Most of our magazine is composed of reading matter for you folks and therefore we have to get most of our revenue through subscriptions and newsstand sales. We go as low as 15% in advertising with some issues and there are many magazines on the market today that have *60%* in advertising! Actually, we make a very small part of our over-all income from advertising and, by golly, we like it that way so long as you folks like it—and you seem to!

I got plumb off the subject—in short, it will mean about the same to us if you subscribe, renew or extend for the BIGGER AND BETTER FRONTIER TIMES now instead of waiting until the price goes up for the simple reason that summer and early fall is our slow time and we have a dickens of a time keeping those purty gals busy—but a little later on the gift subscriptions start coming in and, brother, it's "Katy, bar the door!" Those gals work so fast they don't have time to slap a bee off their hunkus and it sure throws things in a jam. So if you are paid up for two years or three or more and still want to extend at old rates, fine and good. We aren't trying to get extra money from you scalawags (spoken like a true, dirty, lowdown sneaking coyote!) but just flat stating a point that might be of advantage to both sides and you guys are the judges, natch.

That's enough for this time—I'd better get to work on that "BIGGER AND BETTER FRONTIER TIMES." Frankly, we are pretty excited about what you are going to see in that issue which will have January on the cover and will be out around November 20! Best Wishes!—Joe.

Blood on the Pony Express Trail

(Continued from page 32)

at Pyramid Lake. Among the chiefs who attended were Numago (also known as Young Winnemucca; Mogoannoga, chief of the Humboldt Meadows Paiutes; a Bannack chief from the Powder River in Oregon; and a Paiute named Black Rock Tom.

The only chief in the Pyramid Lake Council who was opposed to making war on the white settlers was Young Winnemucca. Having always been their staunch friend, he attempted to persuade the others that hostilities would result in the destruction of the Indians. When he saw that his pleas and warnings fell upon deaf ears, he threw himself on the ground as a sign of mourning and lay there without eating or drinking for three days. On the third night he appeared before the council again and made a final plea for peace.

Among the newly-established Pony Express stations in the Carson River Valley region were Buckland's Station, where Fort Churchill would soon be built, and Desert Station, which was also known as Williams' Station. James O. Williams was keeper and his brothers, David and Oscar, stock tenders of the latter—which was also a trading post. Staying there in early May, 1860, were Samuel Sullivan, James Fleming and a man named "Dutch Phil."

JUST WHAT happened has long been a matter for debate. William Wright ("Dan Dequille"), editor of the *Territorial Register*, said fourteen years later that in James' absence, his brothers and one of the other men seized two Paiute women and held them captive. The husband of one traced them to Williams' Station, but was driven away when he went to rescue them. He then returned to Pyramid Lake and induced Mogoannoga to lead a rescue party.

On the morning of May 7, 1860, a band of Paiute warriors crept up to the station and killed David and Oscar Williams as they stood talking outside. They got Samuel Sullivan as he fled for his life and slaughtered James Fleming and Dutch Phil inside the building.

After burning the station to the ground, Mogoannoga led his victorious warriors down the Pony Express trail toward Buckland's Station. On the way they raided W. H. Bloomfield's ranch and drove off all his cattle. Before reaching Buckland's Station, however, Mogoannoga changed his course and led his men toward Pyramid Lake.

To make sure of a hero's welcome, he sent a warrior to announce his coming. The announcement was delivered while Young Winnemucca was making his final plea for peace. Knowing the futility of further efforts to prevent war, Young Winnemucca sorrowfully helped his people make plans for the struggle.

James Williams returned to his station on the morning of May 8 to find it a mass of ruins, the bodies of his two brothers and Samuel Sullivan on the ground and the bones of James Fleming and Dutch Phil among the ashes. Without pausing to bury the bodies he fled westward toward Virginia City, stopping at Buckland's Station long enough to break the news.

Riders were sent out to warn prospectors and settlers of danger. Soon it was learned that on the same day of the attack on Williams' Station, the Paiutes had killed eight men sixty miles away. Settlers on Honey Lake and two others on Truckee River were slain. War parties stationed themselves in the Humboldt Valley and in the mountains at Mono Lake and on Walker River. News of the outbreak was sent to California with a request for arms and ammunition, to which the people quickly responded.

Companies of volunteers immediately were formed in Genoa, Carson City, Virginia City and Gold Hill. One hundred and five men marched to Buckland's Station, where they were divided into two companies. Major O. Ormsby appears to have been the nominal leader, but he could hardly be said to have been in command. None of the leaders had any military knowledge or experience; the men were poorly armed and totally undisciplined. Most of the volunteers regarded the expedition as something of a lark. In the harsh process of disillusionment, almost half of them died.

AFTER burying the dead at Williams' Station, the volunteers marched to Truckee River and made camp for the night, entertaining themselves about their campfires by singing, telling stories and jokes, and boasting about what they would do to Winnemucca and his warriors.

About two miles south of the lower end of Pyramid Lake the mountains leave only a narrow pass through which the Truckee River flows. The volunteers reached it without encountering the Indians and marched on for a mile-and-a-half. When they were well within the canyon, they saw a party of about 100

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Paiutes on a ridge a short distance ahead. Major Ormsby ordered a charge and the savages retreated to another ridge where they were reinforced.

The Indians now closed the trap and began to slaughter the hopelessly outnumbered volunteers. The main body of warriors had been concealed in sagebrush, behind rocks and in a grove of cottonwoods which the unwary volunteers had passed. As the whites made for the cottonwoods, they ran directly into the force under Black Rock Tom who had been hiding there. Although Young Winnemucca threw himself between Black Rock Tom's warriors and the volunteers in an attempt to stop the fighting, the Indians pressed the attack. Nevertheless the whites fought their way to the cottonwood grove, where Major Ormsby ordered Captain Thomas F. Condon of the Genoa Rangers and Captain R. G. Watkins of the Silver City Guards to take and hold the narrow pass out of the valley, the only means of escape. Instead of marching as a fighting unit, the volunteers fled panic-stricken down the valley only to be met by more Indians.

One of the victorious Paiutes later described the scene. "White men all cry a heap," he said. "Got no gun, throw 'um away. All big scare. Got no revolver. Throw 'um away too. No want to fight any more. All big scare, just like cattle. Run, run, run, cry, cry, heap cry same as papoose. No want Injun to kill 'um any more."

Major Ormsby was shot in the mouth and wounded in both arms. He fell from his horse and, dreading to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, begged his men to rally around him. But instead of making a determined stand, his comrades fled wildly toward the pass, leaving him helpless on the ground. When the Indians approached, he offered them his revolver as a sign of surrender. Disregarding this peaceful gesture, they filled his body with arrows.

As more and more volunteers fled toward the narrow pass and along the narrow bench beyond, the Indians rode among them and hewed them down. The survivors who reached the pass left the bodies of twenty-six comrades behind them. The Indians continued to follow, slaying twenty more along the trail. The battle of Pyramid Lake, fought on May 12, 1860, ended in a complete victory for the Indians.

THE HERO of the battle was Bartholomew Riley, a discharged soldier from Camp Floyd near Salt Lake City, who had stopped in Carson City on his way to California. He fought bravely and tried again and again to rally the demoralized citizen-army. He survived the massacres in the valley and at the pass. On May 15, with a party of weary survivors, he arrived at Buckland's Station with news of the defeat.

When he learned that the east-bound Pony Express rider refused to go any farther, he volunteered to take his place and rode to Smith's Creek Station, eighty-five miles to the east, without meeting any Indians. The following day he was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a friend.

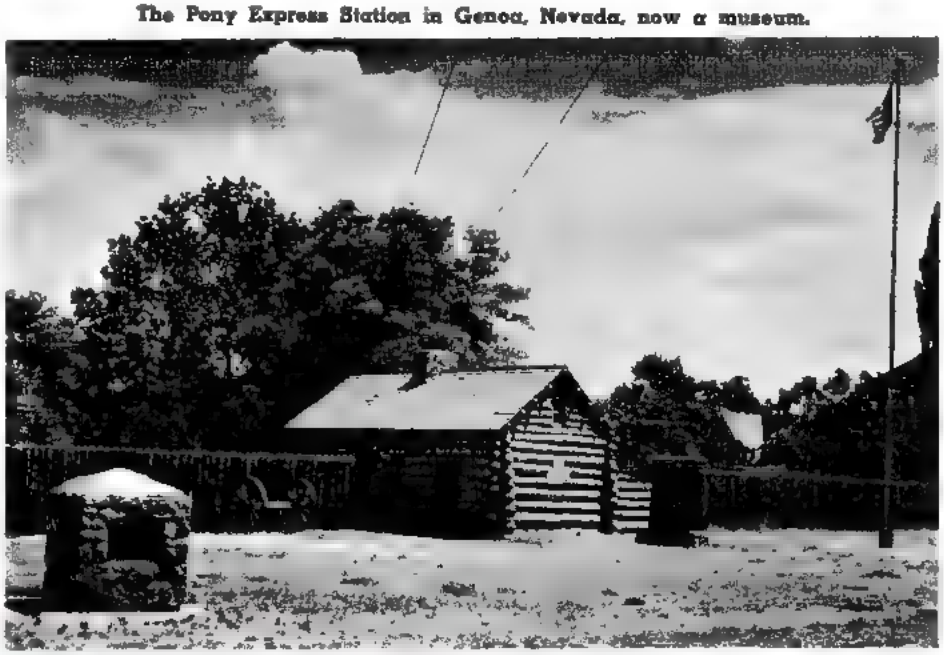
News of the debacle shocked the residents of Carson River Valley. Many fled westward into California; the women and children at Virginia City were placed in an unfinished stone house; at Silver City a fortification was constructed among rocks overlooking the town and an imitation cannon was mounted to frighten possible attackers away.

At Carson City the stone Penrod Hotel was fortified with sandbags and pickets were stationed around the town. A small stone house in Genoa belonging to Warren Wasson, Indian Agent, was prepared for defense, while Wasson himself rode 110 miles to Honey Lake with a message from General Clark to the captain of a company of cavalry supposed to be camped there.

Other messengers were sent to California with appeals for help. Within thirty-six hours after the news arrived at Downieville, 165 armed men set out for Carson City. Sacramento, Placerville, La Porte, San Juan and Nevada City also sent volunteers to help. One hundred and fifty men were ordered to march from Fort Alcatraz and Benicia to Carson River Valley. By the last of May there were about 800 men in the field, over 200 of whom were regulars of the United States Army. As Young Winnemucca had foreseen, his people were doomed to destruction.

Immediately after the battle at Pyramid Lake, the Indians roamed up and down the Pony Express line in parties of

The Pony Express Station in Genoa, Nevada, now a museum.



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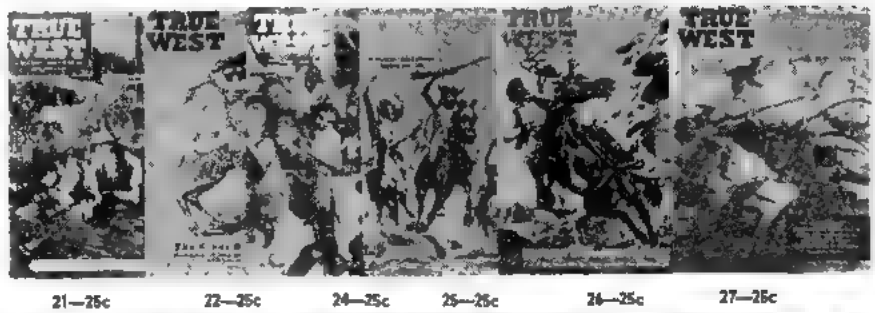
And don't forget that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are really the same type magazine—we are just sneaky enough to issue them under different titles so they will stay on the newsstands longer.



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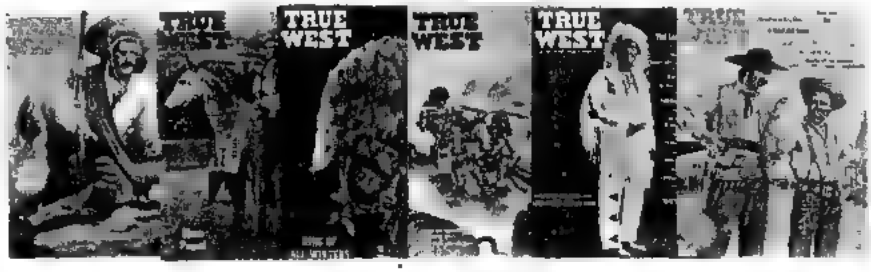

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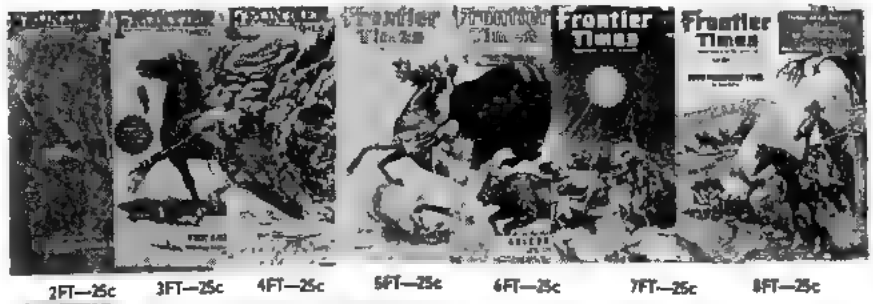

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varying numbers, killing station keepers and stock tenders and burning the buildings.

"Pony Bob" Haslam was the first eastbound Pony Express rider to reach Carson City after the massacre at Williams' Station. After feeding and resting the horse he had ridden from Friday's Station at the foot of Lake Tahoe, he remounted and pounded on toward Buckland's Station. When he arrived he found W. C. Marley, the station keeper, and Johnson Richardson, who was to take the mail on east, in a state bordering on panic.

For fear of the Indians, Richardson refused to take the mail and Marley offered Haslam $50 to finish the trip. This he agreed to do, not because of the bonus, he said, but because it was his duty to do it. Changing horses, he rode on to Sand Springs, where he got another horse. Making still another change at Cold Springs he pushed on to Smith's Creek, where he arrived safely without seeing any Indians. He had covered 190 miles without a rest.

Jay G. Kelley took the *mochila* at Smith's Creek and raced eastward with the news of the massacre at Williams' Station. Each rider along the line, knowing the necessity for reaching Camp Floyd and Salt Lake City at the earliest possible moment, urged his mount to do its best.

Eight hours after arriving at Smith's Creek, Haslam turned back with the westbound mail sack, possibly on May 12, the day of the battle at Pyramid Lake. At Cold Springs he found the station a pile of ashes, the station keeper killed, and the horses gone. After watering and feeding his mount he rode on to Sand Springs where he found only the stock tender on duty. The station keeper had fled. Haslam, fearing the man would be killed if left there alone, persuaded him to ride on with him.

At Carson Sink Station the riders encountered fifteen men, most of whom probably were survivors of the Pyramid Lake fight. Leaving them to hold the place, which had been barricaded, Haslam rode on to Buckland's Station. Marley was so overjoyed to see him return alive that he doubled the bonus he had promised. After resting there an hour-and-a-half, the intrepid rider sped on to Carson City. He reported to Division Superintendent Bolivar Roberts, then rode on to Friday's Station, having covered 380 miles and been in the saddle thirty-six hours.

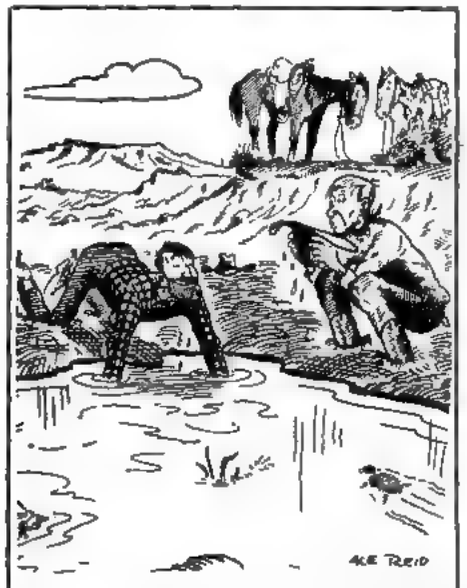
ON May 26 the small army of about 800 men marched off toward Pyramid Lake to punish the Paiutes for having gone to war. The Indians, bloated with pride and self-confidence over their victories, were waiting at Big Meadows, not far from Williams' Station. A skirmish occurred there, in which two soldiers and six Indians were killed. Winnemucca drew his warriors back toward Pyramid Lake.

On the afternoon of June 3, a reconnaissance unit advanced close enough to the battlefield itself to count the bodies of the twenty-six slain in the valley. The Indians took up a defensive position on a rocky ledge and challenged the white men to dislodge them.

In a vigorous attack which lasted three hours, the army drove them out. During the pursuit which followed, twenty-five Indians were killed, fifty horses captured and the main body of warriors driven northward with the white men in pursuit. At sundown, the troops called a halt and the night was spent in a fortified camp dubbed "Fort Story." Next morning they marched on, but were unable to make contact with the Indians. That night earthworks were thrown up and given the name "Fort Haven."

Here the pursuit ended and the volunteers marched back to Carson City and were discharged. The artillery occupied Fort Haven until the middle of July, then moved to Buckland's Station. Indian Agent Frederick Dodge laid out reservations for the Paiutes at Pyramid and Walker Lakes, and Warren Upson, with the help of Young Winnemucca and other friendly chiefs, labored successfully to quiet the situation. Although full-scale war was averted, hostile feelings on the part of many of the Paiutes and raids by small parties continued for some time.

When the news of the outbreak reached Salt Lake, Major Howard Egan, Division Superintendent, requested Colonel P. St. George Cooke, commandant at Camp Floyd, to station soldiers between Sand Springs and Dry Creek. Two companies, ninety men all told, were ordered out along the Pony Express trail to protect the stations and immigrants to California. Major Egan raised a party of volunteers,



"I'm not worryin' about germs. I'm thinkin' about some of these things I can see with my naked eye!"

made up a wagontrain and left Salt Lake City on June 6 to reopen the Pony Express line. With him he took a number of *mochilas* which had accumulated during the month or so the line was out of operation.

The regular schedule of the Pony Express was resumed July 7, 1860. Bancroft said the company lost 150 horses, seven stations and sixteen men killed. The rebuilding of stations, pay to the volunteers, increased wages to the riders and other expenses amounted to about $75,000. This was a heavy blow for a company whose finances were already strained to the breaking point and whose expenses far exceeded receipts.

Newspapers and the public highly praised the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company for the manner in which it met the crisis but that, appreciated though it was, did not pay bills or liquidate deficits.

Like the war-strength of the Paiutes, the Pony Express had seen its best days.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

OVER THE TOP OF THE WORLD!

Railway buffs and western tourists should be delighted with Sage Books' new epic history, *The Moffat Road*, by Edward T. Bollinger and Frederick Bauer. The regular edition sells for $15—the limited autographed edition, for $20.

Sponsoring financiers and engineers planned to send the rails of the Denver and Pacific Railway over a midland route from Denver to Salt Lake City through Colorado's potential hydrocarbon empire and Utah's Uinta Basin, rich areas untapped by the Union Pacific on the north and the Denver Rio Grande on the south and west. Later, the railway system became known as The Denver and Salt Lake Railroad Company.

After David H. Moffat died in 1911, tracks were built on to Craig where construction was halted because finances were not available to complete the system. Nearly every page is illustrated with pictures, maps or facsimile reports which greatly clarify the text.

MORE CUSTER

Whether Marcus A. Reno was a hero or coward at the Battle of the Little Big Horn has provided a hot topic for social-hour debate ever since the Custer command was annihilated by swarms of Sioux and Cheyenne warriors. The latest to defend Reno is Kenneth L. Shiflet who has written *The Convenient Coward* (The Stackpole Co., $5.95), a fictionalized biography.

PIRATE'S REFUGE

The Padre Island Story (Naylor, $2.95) by Loraine Daly and Pat Reumert is a newsy booklet with nifty descriptions of Padre Island, one of our little-known natural resources. The island, a long tidal sand bar extending offshore from Corpus Christi, Texas, to Port Isabel, was a pirates' refuge during the era of lawlessness on the high seas. Jean Lafitte and others buried loot there, some of which has been found by treasure hunters. The quiet waters of Laguna Madre provide boats safe anchorage from gulf currents that beat against Padre's east shore. Today four giant causeways connect Padre Island with various points on the Texas Gulf Coast and modern motels and fishing piers provide a rare contrast with the times when cannabalistic Karankawa Indians lived there in primitive poverty.

BEARER OF GIFTS

The Sierra (Putnam, $5.95) by W. Storrs Lee is an enchanting book about the great California mountain range. The author does not leave out much and the parts omitted have been very thoroughly exploited by other writers for well over a century. For example, only the highlights of the search for gold are included and the details are not needed. There are fine chapters on Sierra outlaws, bears, lumber, and sheep. The book ends on a most modern note—the tremendous California Water Plan (Proposition One). Most of the water that will be tapped and distributed with the $1,750,000,000 bond issue voted by the water-conscious Californians will come from the Sierra. In the past, the Sierra provided gold, timber, grazing and scenery—now the ranges will be made to yield their most precious gift—priceless water.

The book is illustrated with drawings by Edward Sanborn. There is a rather skimpy index but the acknowledgments and quotation sources are in detail. Recommended.

CLASSIC REPRINTS

University of Nebraska Press has blossomed forth with three large paperback reprints that rank well up in the American honor roll. These include *Reminiscences of a Ranchman* by Edgar Beecher Bronson and *Plenty Coups* by Frank B. Linderman at $1.50 each and *Old Jules* by Mari Sandoz at $1.60.

Bronson, nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, left a writing job on a New York newspaper to become a tenderfoot cowboy in the 1870's. The young greenhorn survived the embarrassing pranks played on him by his trail mates and eventually made good as a rancher. His cattle spread was headquartered near Fort Robinson, Nebraska, where Bronson saw part of Dull Knife's refugee Cheyennes shot by U.S. cavalrymen.

Plenty Coups is Linderman's history of the last legitimate Crow Indian chieftain. Written as Plenty Coups told his story, the author has preserved a genuine record of Indian life. This provides an insight into Indian culture that can never again be captured because the real Indians are gone.

Mari Sandoz won the 1935 *Atlantic* Book Contest with *Old Jules*, a biography of her father, a Swiss immigrant, who homesteaded at Mirage Flats on the upper reaches of the Niobrara River in northwestern Nebraska. Jules Sandoz was one in the flotsam of rough characters who settled the wild frontier. A dead shot, he held his own with the crustiest sodbusters on the hunt for trouble. An area where famine was more common than abundance, all settlers led a Spartan existence, some died and many bankrupt farmers headed east to former homes. The perilous life of the sodbuster is explained in doggerel carved on the door of an abandoned shanty near Chadron which read:

30 miles to water
20 miles to wood
10 miles to hell
And gone there for good.

NEVADA SOURCES

The Talisman Press has reproduced an interesting historical piece, *First Directory of Nevada Territory* ($10) containing the names of residents in the principal towns; a historical sketch; political matters of interest; a description of the quartz mills and other industrial establishments in the territory; leading mining claims and various mineral discoveries; works of internal improvements; a table of distances; list of public officers; and

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1000 OLD ARIZONA MINES, by Richard Hinton. Originally published in 1878, now reprinted, with a bunch of old photos added! Information about hundreds of old mines, Spanish diggings, some known, but in this modern age, mostly unknown. Here are actual locations, types of ores, value, names of former owners, etc. . . . 128 pp.—$2.00

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other useful information compiled by J. Wells Kelly. There's also a brochure on the Washoe silver mines by Henry De Groot.

Those interested in early Nevada history will find some rare tidbits in this 1862 directory which is loaded with full-page advertisements that are worth the price of the book. This one is a fooler and is far better than it looks.

Alone and Left to Die!

(Continued from page 47)

"Hugh Glass will ride ahead to hunt. We need game. He will go alone because he can take care of himself and because he knows the country. If he sees Indian sign he can turn back and warn us. Otherwise we will meet him this evening at the base of yonder butte." He had pointed toward a distant spire of red rock thrusting skyward on the western horizon.

It did not occur to Hugh Glass that he was being used as a dupe in case the hostile Arikara Indians might be skulking ahead. His job was to hunt and that meant riding alone. Bear, deer, antelope and sage hens permitted a lone rider to approach nearer than a group.

Now, as he stalked his quarry, his thoughts were solely upon the business at hand. He had seen no "Injun" sign. He considered it fortunate that the bear had chosen to show itself at a point so near the proposed line of march of the expedition. He would only have to skin out the carcass and wait. With his long rifle cocked and ready he slid into the thicket almost as silently as the grizzly he was stalking.

In appearance Hugh Glass bore a remarkable resemblance to the *ursus horribilis* he pursued. He was huge and barrel-chested; his uncut hair and full beard were brown, shot with silver. Buckskin coat and breeches blended with the yellow rocks and brownish soil and on moccasined feet he was as light and agile as a pronghorn. Perfectly aware of what his prey might do under any given circumstance, Glass moved swiftly. What he did not know was that the animal was a rogue, carrying in its groin an Indian arrowhead which turned the grizzly into an unpredictable foe more prone to charge than run.

Glass stepped cautiously from behind an outcrop of rock just as the bear, which had doubled back to stalk the hunter, charged with a low growl. Glass got off a snap shot that struck the animal in the shoulder and maddened it still further. He dropped his rifle and drew his knife as the grizzly, with one sweep of his taloned forepaw, tore the hunter's shirt from his body and laid his chest open from collarbone to belly. The raking claws exposed the man's ribs but did not break them. Grimly Glass slashed upward with the blade just as the animal's jaws started to close over his head.

The knife somehow prevented the bear's jaws from closing completely; nevertheless the great fangs ripped the hunter's scalp. Blinded by blood, he kept driving the knife home until the beast fell away in a last convulsive lunge. Glass fell backward, cracking his head against a rock ledge.

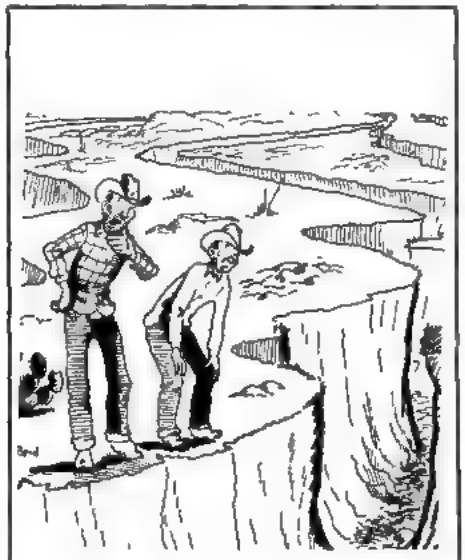
The blazing noonday sun dimmed, the heat haze on the horizon wavered, and darkness rolled in upon the figure in torn and bloody buckskins.

WHEN HUGH GLASS next opened his eyes he was lying on a small sandy plateau in the shade of a scraggly cedar tree. A brassy sun beat down from a cloudless sky and flies and gnats were about him in swarms. For a long time he lay motionless, trying desperately to collect his senses. His head reeled each time he tried to move it. He attempted to sit erect but dizziness drove him flat.

If it were morning, as the sun indicated, why hadn't Major Henry and his men found him? He was almost directly in their line of march. Had Indians forced them to take another route? Eventually he managed to turn his head and saw the blackened remains of a campfire. They *had* found him!

His hands moved over his body and he learned that his wounds had been roughly dressed and bandaged. He tried to rise to his knees but one leg, previously wounded by an Indian arrow and re-injured by the bear, refused to support him. Painfully he crawled to the ashes of the dead campfire and began to read sign.

What he read during the remaining hours of daylight brought curses to his lips and a great burning anger within –



"Guess we do have an erosion problem all right—just this month we lost two soil conservation men and four head of wetbacks in this gully!"

an anger that almost extinguished pain. The campfire was two days old. Moccasin prints told him two of the party had been with him during that time—a young greenhorn on his first trip out and an experienced French trapper. Glass was wearing a shirt that he had left on a packhorse with the main party, so he knew Major Henry and his men had been there and gone on.

But why? Why desert a badly wounded man? In the purple twilight he looked for his gun, knife, and flint, but found nothing. Exhausted and half-delirious he lay down and slept fitfully until dawn. In the rising light he crawled in an ever-widening circle. He found where the main party had camped for one night. He discovered the bones and offal of the bear. It had been stripped of all flesh and eaten by the men. He found where his horse had been tied and topping a slight rise of ground, he found something that explained everything and brought a sudden chill through his aching body.

It was a freshly dug grave!

So, Glass thought, they had believed he

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would die and had prepared to bury him. When he was still alive at the end of two days, the callow youth and the Frenchman had ridden off and left him for the prairie wolves, the eagles and the Indians. Glass might have forgiven them for leaving him; perhaps they had been scared off by seeing Indians in the distance. But he would never forgive them for taking his only instruments of survival—his rifle, his flint and his knife.

THE NEAREST habitation was Fort Kiowa on the far side of the Missouri River, 150 miles to the southeast across arid and eroded plains cut only by three well-separated streams—the Moreau, the Cheyenne, and the Bad. It wasn't the shortest way but Glass knew it was the easiest for him. And he needed the easiest. *He meant to crawl to Fort Kiowa!*

And crawl he did. As dusk began to flow over the land and a faint breeze cooled his tortured hands and lacerated knees, he topped a barren rise and looked back. Below him, within rifle shot, he saw the gaping grave—the spot he had left almost ten hours before.

That night he slept fitfully and at dawn licked some moisture from a clump of buffalo grass and crawled on. In the heat of the day he sought shade beside an overhanging rock and rested until evening. In the distance he had seen a plume of dust far out on the prairie and decided it was safer to travel by night. So in the pale moonlight he inched along. He found a cluster of tart bullberries, the first food he had taken since the morning he had ridden forth to hunt almost four days before.

He drank sparingly of the alkaline water nearby although he knew it might be the last he found for some time. Two nights later he found a scummy pool, the water so bitter he could only rinse his mouth and spit it out. The only food he had in that time was a field mouse he had killed with a rock. He had eaten it raw.

That day he fashioned a noose from a piece of yarn found in his pocket and spent two hours lying beside a prairie dog hole waiting for the rodent to emerge. Then he jerked the noose tight and began to haul in his prize. The yarn broke! Hugh Glass crawled on. Two days later he crossed the Moreau, found more berries and a frog, and drank his fill.

The next day he topped a small bluff and looked down onto a buffalo herd moving toward the Cheyenne. Again he cursed the two who had abandoned him weaponless. The great herd walked along within a stone's throw. He crouched on a small bluff and loosened a great boulder —then when a calf ambled close enough he sent the rock rolling down upon it, but the calf bounded to one side.

That afternoon he saw dust far up the valley and hid in the rocks. A small party of Arikaras, bucks, squaws, children and dogs moved down the valley. Two days later, crawling in their wake, Glass found their abandoned camp. He clawed through their leavings for scraps of food. He found two buffalo bones and cracked them for their marrow. Then he made a find that was to change everything—a worn but serviceable knife.

Carefully he dug through the campfire until he found a smoldering root in which a spark of fire remained. He nurtured it into a flame, his first fire in more than two weeks. That night as he lay gnawing on a splintered buffalo bone, a crippled Indian dog skulked into the firelight. With the bone as a lure, Glass coaxed the half-starved animal within reach and dispatched it with the ancient knife. Later he dined on hot food—stewed dog, cut up and boiled in its own skin.

More good fortune now favored Glass. Next morning he found he could hobble upright, using a forked branch as a crutch. Fortified by hot broth and the remainder of the cooked meat in his pockets, he staggered toward the Cheyenne. He crossed it, reached the larger flow of the Bad River and followed it down to the Missouri.

MORE THAN a month after his encounter with the bear, Hugh Glass floated across the muddy Missouri on a vine and driftwood raft to the gates of Fort Kiowa. There he told his incredible story and remained to recuperate.

Such an adventure would have given many a man qualms about striking out alone into the wilderness again, but not Glass. His burning determination to settle accounts with the pair who had left him to die led him from the fort later that fall to ride as far upstream as Mandan on the last keelboat to depart before the winter freeze-up. He was on his way to Henry's Fort at the mouth of the Big Horn River, some 300 miles as the crow flies, but nearly 750 miles by the route he planned to follow.

From Mandan, Glass set out to walk up the Yellowstone. Trappers had told him that Henry's men were still there and he wanted to reach them before they pushed on westward in the spring. Glass had a rifle, flint, plenty of powder and balls, and a knife. What more did a mountain man need? He encountered a band of friendly Piegans and some Crows, found plenty of game, and traveled slowly up the river.

One night as he neared his destination a blizzard roared down from the Canadian Rockies. He refused the shelter of a Crow tepee and stalked on, a gray ghost among the stark and whitened cottonwood trees. Far ahead he saw a flicker of light and the outline of a log palisade.

He beat upon the stockade gate until someone heard him above the moan of the storm and let him in. He threw back his beaver cap and beat the snow from his buffalo coat. Men began to fall back silently, jaws agape. One man cowered in a corner whispering hoarsely, *"Non! Non!* It cannot be. A ghost!"

"Hugh Glass, by God," someone cried.

"But you're dead!"

"And buried," someone added.

All eyes turned toward a man in the corner. He was edging toward the door. Hugh Glass raised his rifle and barred the way. No one else spoke or moved.

"Ye all think he deserves to die a lingering death?" Glass asked. There was a chorus of "Ayes." Glass lowered the rifle.

"Then let him live with it! Where's the stripling?"

"He was never any good after he came back with Frenchie," a man answered. "We sent him back to St. Louis."

The flame died in the eyes of the grizzled mountain man. He accepted a drink and began relating his adventure to his astounded friends. He learned how the two men detailed to bury him had been frightened at being left too far behind in hostile country and had caught up with the party and reported him dead and buried. They had brought his horse and weapons as evidence.

Word of his feat of endurance and tenacity passed from lip to lip until the saga of Hugh Glass became a legend even more deathless than the man himself.

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The Bandits of Las Cuevas

(Continued from page 14)

TO SUPPORT HIM *IN ANY WAY* WHILE HE REMAINS ON THE MEXICAN TERRITORY. *IF McNELLY IS ATTACKED BY MEXICAN FORCES ON MEXICAN SOIL DO NOT RENDER HIM ANY ASSISTANCE.* KEEP YOUR FORCES IN THE POSITION YOU NOW HOLD AND AWAIT FURTHER ORDERS. LET ME KNOW WHETHER McNELLY ACTS UPON YOUR ADVICE AND RETURNS.

COL POTTER

The job at Las Cuevas was too big for the United States Army to handle alone, and the State Department was called in and the consular service put to work trying to get McNelly out of Mexico. At 3 P. M. Thomas F. Wilson, Consul at Matamoros, wired Lucius Avery, Commercial Agent at Camargo, as follows:

I UNDERSTAND McNELLY IS SURROUNDED AND TREATING FOR TERMS OF SURRENDER. IF SO GO TO HIM IMMEDIATELY AND ADVISE HIM TO SURRENDER TO MEXICAN FEDERAL AUTHORITIES AND THEN YOU GO WITH HIM TO THIS CITY TO SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS ON THE WAY. INSTRUCTIONS HAVE BEEN SENT FROM HERE TO AUTHORITIES IN CAMARGO TO ALLOW YOU TO ACT IN THE MATTER. ANSWER.

Avery secured a copy of his instructions at Ringgold and hurried to the front. Captain McNelly, in his inimitable manner, tells us how he dismissed the services of the United States Diplomatic Corps.

"After the U. S. troops were withdrawn from the Mexican side," runs his report, "we heard all sorts of reports of immense Mexican forces gathering in our front —and most of these reports were believed at this and other points on the river. The American consul at Matamoros arranged for our surrender, as you will see by enclosed copy of telegrams, but I couldn't see it."

WITH ALL this knowledge of his situation, which was hourly growing worse, with the constant pressure from the United States Army to retreat and from the consular service to surrender, what would this man whose soul was a flame of courage do? Would the cattle still be important to him?

He had promised to give the Mexicans an hour's notice before he attacked them. At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of November 20, he served notice on them that he was coming and that the only way they could escape was to comply with his demands!

"So about 4 o'clock I notified them that unless they accepted my proposition to deliver such of the cattle and thieves as they had on hand, and could catch, to me at Ranch Davis, without waiting for the tedious legal forms that always ended in our receiving magnificent promises, in lieu of our property, that I would at once make an advance.

"After a few moments' consultation they agreed to deliver me all the stock they had succeeded in recapturing, and as many of the thieves as they could catch, in Rio Grande City at 10 o'clock on the 21st. Upon that promise I withdrew my company, reserving the right, if I saw proper, to go to Camargo and take the cattle."

The scene now moves up the river to Rio Grande City which stands opposite Camargo. When McNelly reached Ringgold (the fort at Rio Grande City), he decided to let the Mexicans deliver the cattle on the Texas bank. This was no easy matter, but was finally accomplished. Several notes were exchanged, the delayers of the south resorting to their favorite tactics.

McNelly asked for an interview with a Camargo official, who replied that he was very busy that day, and would have to deny himself the pleasure of seeing the Captain until noon of November 22. Then Diego García wrote: "Because of excessive work on hand, I do not send you the cattle today, but early tomorrow morning you will have them on the other side of the river."

McNelly answered at once, and his letter shows him a master of diplomacy and psychology. He repeated the agree-

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ment he had had with Dr. Headly and Senor Alberretti the day before, reminded the Mexican that the cattle were to be delivered at 10:00 o'clock that day. Then came his master touch. "As the Commanding Officer of the United States forces is here awaiting your action in this matter, I would be glad if you would inform me of the earliest hour at which you can deliver these cattle and any of the thieves you may have apprehended."

Though McNelly knew that all the United States forces were utterly powerless to help him, he was still using them. After pondering his letter, the Mexican official found that his business was not as pressing as he first thought, and, as he himself said, he shortened the delay. "Because of the multiple official duties," he wrote, "I had ordered the cattle to be taken back tomorrow, but I have now shortened the delay and they will be on the banks of the river at 3 o'clock in the afternoon at your disposal."

It is significant that Senor García did not say which bank of the river.

Bill Callicott now takes up the narrative.

"The next morning the Captain took ten of us and went up to Rio Grande City to get the cattle. We stayed all day looking for them, but they did not come until 4 o'clock. And when they did come, the Mexicans in charge stopped on the Mexican side of the river.

"The Captain sent them word to bring them over. They sent word back that they couldn't cross the cattle to Texas until they were inspected. The Captain said, 'Well, boys, we are in it again.' There were twenty-five Mexicans with the cattle and ten of us. The Captain said, 'Well, boys, twenty-five to ten. That's near enough. We will go over again, if we never get back. What do you say?'

"'We are with you, Captain,' we replied.

"A Mexican had a ferry at the place and on the Texas side. The Captain said, 'All Aboard!' We went over and found that the Mexicans had seventy-five head, rounded up in a close herd. The twenty-five Mexicans were armed with Winchesters and pistols and they all left the cattle and came to us.

"They stopped in ten feet of us. The Captain told Tom Sullivan to tell them that the Presidente promised to deliver the cattle on the Texas bank. The boss shook his head and said not until they were inspected. The Captain told Tom to tell him they were stolen from Texas without being inspected and they certainly could be driven back without it. The boss shook his head and said no.

"The Captain motioned Lieutenant Robinson and he ordered us to fall in ranks. We fell in. Instantly we loaded our guns and covered the Mexicans.

"The Captain then told Tom to tell the s-o-b that if he didn't deliver the cattle across the river in less than five minutes we would kill all of them, and he would have done it too, for he had his red feather raised. If ever you saw cattle put across the river in a hurry those Mexicans did it—and in less than five minutes, except one that was so exhausted she would not take the water. We roped her and pulled her on the boat and the Captain gave her to the Mexican boatman for taking us over and bringing us back."

Captain McNelly does not say that he went into Mexico at Rio Grande City, but it is not improbable that he did.

There is still another account of the delivery of the cattle. It is by Major A. J. Alexander and does but little credit to that officer's sense of justice.

"After receiving your dispatch of the 20th," he wrote, "I advised Capt. McNelly to withdraw to this side which he did. I then proceeded to Ringgold alone reaching there at 1 A.M. the 21st. That afternoon the Mexicans delivered 76 head of cattle at Ringgold . . . . The return of the cattle shows the effect of this demonstration."

Alexander, supreme commander on the Las Cuevas front, not only assumes credit for the return of McNelly, but he also assumes full credit for the return of the cattle. Nowhere in the reports of any of the officers is there a word of faint commendation for McNelly and his men. In contrast to this is the attitude of Captain McNelly toward the federal forces. Nowhere does he condemn them, either directly or otherwise.

In justice it must be said that the soldiers were of great service to him, though he was not able to do with them all that he desired. Their presence at Las Cuevas doubtless held the Mexicans in check, and we have seen how he used the troops at Ringgold to bluff the Mexicans out of their delay.

THE STORY of Las Cuevas raid has been told in some detail and from rich and varied sources. Had the action there of McNelly been in the cause of freedom, or under some banner of patriotism, it would have conferred glory on him and his thirty men. But that battle was fought for a herd of cattle, for the purpose of crushing banditry and making life safe for Texas cows on the Rio Grande.

Callicott relates an incident which throws light on the character of Captain McNelly, and shows the esteem in which he was held by the boys—and they were really only boys—who followed him.

"Captain McNelly was a man who seldom got mad and never did get excited. He always handled his men as a father would his children. I never heard him speak a cross word to one of them, but when he gave a command it certainly had to be obeyed. Something came up the night after we got the cattle that showed how he felt toward us.

"After we penned the cattle at Rio Grande City the Captain and three or four of us went up to the U. S. fort to get some forage for our horses. Captain McNelly and a U. S. captain were sitting on a wagon tongue discussing the trip into Mexico when one of the Rangers went up and sat down by our Captain. The U. S. captain jumped up and said, 'Captain McNelly, do you allow one of your privates to sit down by you?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the Captain. 'I do at any time. I haven't a man in my company but what can lie down and sleep with me if he wants to do so.'

"The U. S. captain said, 'We don't allow privates that privilege with officers.'

"To this Captain McNelly answered, 'I wouldn't have a man in my company that I did not think was as good as I am.'

"That showed what kind of love Captain McNelly had for his men and he did not have a man in his company that wouldn't have stepped in between him and death. We all loved him as a father as well as a captain.

"After we got the forage for our horses, we spread our blankets in front of the gate of the corral where the cattle were penned and laid down all in a row. Before we went to sleep the Captain said, 'I went into the Confederate Army at sixteen and at seventeen I was made a captain of a company. I have been in many tight places where it seemed that neither I nor my men could get out, but

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I always got out with part of them. When we went into Mexico with only thirty men, three miles from the river with no hope of getting help, was one time when there seemed little chance of escape.

" 'If the pilot had not made a mistake, and we had dashed into Las Cuevas instead of Cachattus, we wouldn't be here tonight. Of course we could have taken the ranch, but the . . . Mexicans would have surrounded us and we would have had little show. If we had gone into the houses to protect ourselves they would have killed us with the artillery. That U. S. captain never would have come over to help us. God pity such a captain. I claim that to be the tightest place I was ever in for all to get out alive.' "

The next morning—November 22—Captain McNelly asked for four volunteers to take the cattle belonging to his friend Richard King to him at Santa Gertrudis Ranch. Ed Pitts, George Durham, W. L. Rudd and William Callicott volunteered. They found thirty-five cattle bearing the King brand, and these they started on the hundred-mile journey. Captain McNelly's last instructions to them were to stay with the cattle, come what may.

"We reached Santa Gertrudis Ranch without losing a cow," said Callicott. "We got there about 3 P.M. and sent the old Captain word that Captain McNelly had sent him some cattle from Mexico. Captain King came to us and said, 'Well, boys, I am glad to see you. From the reports at one time I didn't think any of you would ever get back to Texas. How many men did the Captain have with him over in Mexico?'

"We told him.

" 'What! Only thirty men to invade Mexico with?'

" 'Yes, sir,' we said.

" 'Were you mounted or on foot?'

"We told him five were mounted and the rest on foot.

" 'And all afoot but five! And the ranches you attacked were Las Cuevas and Cachattus. Those are the two worst ranches in Mexico. They are headquarters for all the cow-thievin' bandits who steal from this side of the river. I know all about Las Cuevas, know when it was started. It was settled by General Juan Flores and I understand he still owns it . . . .'

" 'No, Captain,' we said. 'The other fellow owns it—we killed the General.' Then we told him all about it.

" 'Well,' replied Captain King, 'I am glad you all got back alive. It was reported that you were surrounded, cut off from forage and water, that it would be a second Alamo with you, that you would have to surrender.'

" 'No, sir,' we said, 'the Captain told us when we went over that he wouldn't have any surrender. It would be death or victory or all get out together the best we could, and he meant what he said.'

" 'That was a daring trip,' said Captain King. 'There is not another man in the world who could invade a foreign country with that number of men and all get back alive. Captain McNelly is the first man that ever got stolen cattle out of Mexico. Out of thousands of head I have had stolen, these are the only ones I ever got back, and I think more of them than of any 500 head I have.'

"He told a ranch hand to tell his boss to come with ropes, a saw, and two men. When the boss came he told him about the cattle and where they came from. He told him to saw off the right horn of each cow and turn them all on the big range for the rest of their lives. The old Captain stood at the gate and saw the work done, and then he told the boss to open the gate and let them go free as long as they lived. He wanted these thirty-five cattle to spend the rest of their days in peace.

"Captain King invited us to go up to the house, but we told him we were too dirty to go where there were ladies—we hadn't changed clothes in ten days. Then he told us to take our guns and pistols and go to a room over the warehouse. There we found plenty of nice clean blankets, pillows, chairs, tables, wash bowl, towels, water, candles, matches—everything nice enough for a St. Louis drummer.

"We made our pallets and about dark our supper came—ham and eggs, butter, cakes, pies, in fact, everything good to eat with plenty of fresh buttermilk and coffee. Captain King's two daughters who had just graduated from some school in Kentucky sent up two big pound cakes tagged,

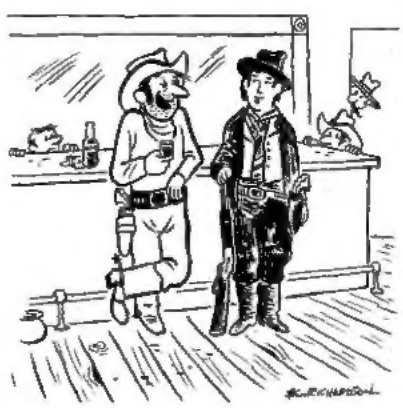
COMPLIMENTS OF THE
TWO MISS KINGS
TO
THE McNELLY RANGERS

'Well, we hadn't had any dinner that day and we were all hungry and began to eat the good things set before us. George Durham, the youngest of us, did not have the first joint of his stomach gauged and he overloaded it. After we finished supper we went to bed and everything was all right until about twelve or one o'clock when George had the worst western nightmare he ever had. (George was subject to nightmares.)

"We were all sound asleep when he jumped up, pistol in hand, saying, 'Shoot, boys! Here they are, boys, shoot!' We had no light and could not find him except by the sound of his voice. We caught him and disarmed him and kept his gun and pistol until day and all slept well.

"The next morning Captain King asked us if we needed fresh horses, and said we could take his and leave ours. We told him ours would do. He then asked if we needed money. We told him Captain McNelly had given us money for grub. He said he would furnish the grub, and he did—enough to last three or four days.

(Continued on next page)



"You don't stand a chance with me, Sonny. Why, the termites have practically eaten the handle off your pistol!"

Miscellaneous

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We filled our wallets with good eatin' stuff, started back for the Rio Grande and the two Miss Kings waved at us as we raced away."

GENERAL JUAN FLORES is deserving of some consideration. The Rangers killed him as he led his men in a charge across the open field on the morning of November 19. To the Texas Rangers, to Captain King, and to Bill Callicott he was head of "all the cow-thievin' bandits of the Rio Grande," but on the south bank of the Rio Grande he bore a different reputation.

There he was a great man—as great as Richard King. He was *mayordomo* of Las Cuevas which, without doubt, harbored the raiders. Las Cuevas stands today and probably has much the same appearance that it had in November, 1875. The trails from the river are still as brushy as they were when McNelly led his Rangers there.

The home of General Juan Flores still stands, and crooked pole corrals may be seen everywhere as they appear around these patriarchal Mexican ranches. The children, grandchildren, and collateral kin still dwell in the village and dominate it as of yore. There is a sandy road leading from the banks of the river at Rio Grande City through the age-old town of Camargo, down the river through the brush to Las Cuevas, better known now as San Miguel.

Hard by the road, at the very entrance to the town where none can fail to see, stands an imposing monument fifteen feet high, surrounded by a cross and decorated with a wreath of faded flowers.

The inscription on the monument reads:

AL CUIDADANO
JUAN FLORES SALINAS
QUE COMPETIENDO
MARIO PER SU PATRIA
EL 19 DE NOVIEMBRE
1875

In translation the epitaph reads:

TO CITIZEN
JUAN FLORES SALINAS
WHO FIGHTING
DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY
NOVEMBER 19
1875

A Visit with Cactus Jack Garner

(Continued from page 15)

got my license before I was twenty-one. Ran for City Attorney. Got beat, too."

"How did you happen to go to Uvalde?"

"One day old Doc Clark thumped my chest and told me I had tuberculosis in my left lung. He said I had to go to a dry climate, and said if I'd go to Uvalde he would give me a letter of introduction to his brother, John H. Clark, a lawyer. So I got on a train and late one night in December, 1892, or maybe it was January, 1893, I arrived at Uvalde."

"Mr. Garner," I interrupted, "one of the books about you reports that you had $151.25 in your pockets that night. Is that correct?"

"No, it isn't. I had $152.25 in my pockets."

"When did you first meet your law partners?"

"The next morning after I got off the train. It was at Mr. Clark's office. They were John Clark and Tully Fuller. Mr. Clark was the oldest, then Tully, then me. We decided that Mr. Clark would get three-sixths of the partnership income, Tully would get two-sixths, and I'd get one-sixth. We shook hands and that was that.

"It was a good law firm. Our offices were near the Sewell and Estes Saloon where I liked to have a drink now and then. I always admired good whiskey and drank it until a few years ago. But I have never been intoxicated in my life.

"When I was Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives and later Vice-President, I would meet some of the boys in a room at the Capitol after a day's work. We called it the Board of Education. I'd pour the first drink at 5 p.m. Then at 5:30 and only at 5:30, they got a second drink. Finally, there was a third drink at 6 p.m. and that was all, because I always believed that a man who didn't know how to drink was a plain darn fool."

"How did you meet your wife, Mr. Garner?"

"On a train going to San Antonio. She got on at Sabinal and then I was introduced to her for the first time. Her name was Mariette Elizabeth Rheiner, but I soon came to call her Etty. She and my mother were the finest women who ever lived."

"Mr. Garner, I know you became County Judge of Uvalde County, but didn't you also serve in the Texas House of Representatives?"

"Yes, indeed. That's where I got the name 'Cactus Jack'."

"How's that?"

"Well, resolutions were being offered to select the official state flower of Texas. I sent up a resolution naming the cactus bloom. Been called Cactus Jack ever since."

"And then you went to Congress?"

"Yes. I was on the Redistricting Committee which set up the new Congressional District from which I was elected. It ran from Corpus Christi to Brownsville up the Rio Grande to Del Rio."

The time had come for me to quit asking questions. Would he offer me a drink? That is the acid test in determining if you got along with the old man.

"Boy, do you want a drink?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the doctor won't let me drink anymore. But you take a drink and strike a blow for liberty for both of us." We walked to the kitchen.

"Pour yourself a drink, Maverick."

"Yes, sir."

"Son, that isn't a drink. Pour yourself a real drink."

"Yes, sir."

On my way out I couldn't help asking him one "political question." I knew the answer would be a good one, if he would only tell me.

"Mr. Garner, didn't some northern congressman throw some votes your way which helped you to become Speaker of the House?"

"Yes. He was a little fighting Italian from New York and my friend. His name was Frijole."

"Frijole?"

"Yes, Frijole. Like frijole beans. I never could pronounce his first name. His last name was LaGuardia. Got to be Mayor of New York City. A fine man, he was."

Now I was at the door. It was time to part. "Thank you, Mr. Garner, for the nice visit."

"Son, when you came in here I told you I was glad to talk to any relative of Jim Slayden."

"I regret I never knew him. He died when I was a baby."

"Well, you missed something."

"Thank you and goodbye, Mr. Vice-President."

"Goodbye, boy."

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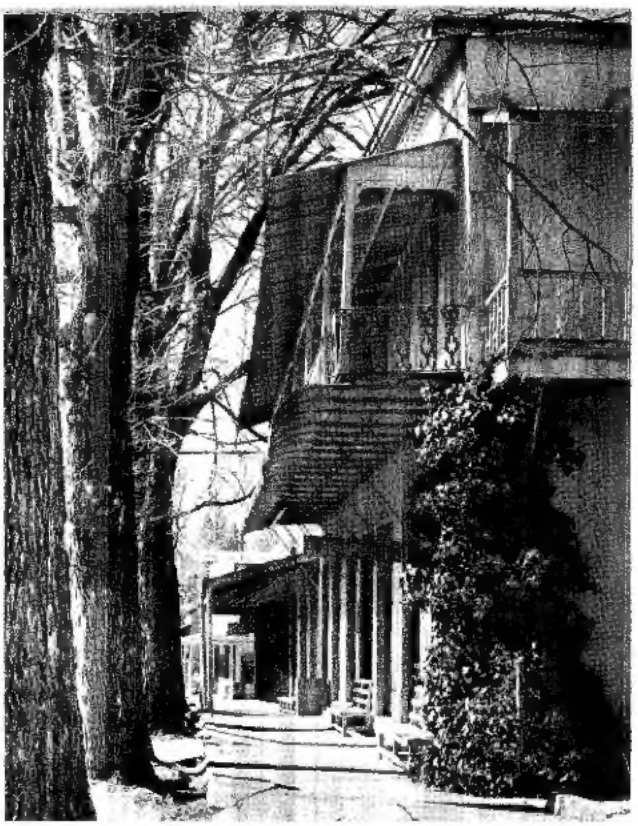

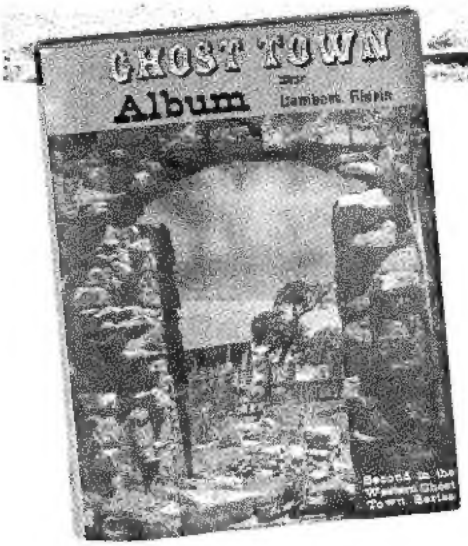

Above, White Oaks New Mexico. Right, old Morgan Hotel, Columbia, California.

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Left, Creede, Colorado. Center, Ophir, Utah. Below, Spar City, Colorado.

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